THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"FOUND DEAD IN THE STREET."

I.

The labor is over and done;
The sun has gone down in the west;
The birds are asleep every one,
And the world has gone to its rest—
Sleepers on beds of down,
'Neath cover of silk and gold,
Soft, as on roses new-blown,
Slept the great monarch of old!
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Sleepers happy and warm,
Cosy as birds in their nest,
With never a thought of harm!
Sleepers in garrets high,
'Neath coverlet ragged and old;
And one little sleeper all under the sky,
Out in the night and the cold!
Alone in the wide, wide world,
Christless, motherless he;
Begging or stealing to live, and whirled
Like waif on an angry sea.

II.

The daisy looks up from the grass,
Fresh from the fingers of Night,
To welcome the birds as they pass,
And drink in fresh rivers of light.
Sleepers on mother's breast,
Waken to summer and mirth;
But one little sleeper has gone to his rest,
Never to waken on earth—
Dead—found dead in the street,
All forsaken and lorn;
Damp from the head to the feet,
With the dews of the sweet May-morn!

III.

Dead—for the want of a crust!
Dead—in the cold night-air!
Dead—and under the dust,
Without ever a word of prayer;
In the heart of the wealthiest city
In this most Christian land,
Without ever a word of pity,
Or the touch of a kindly hand!

THE

DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROMANCE OF WYNHOPE.

Wynhope is a large and handsome town, lying a good many miles south and west of The Poplars. It might even be called a city, if its inhabitants were pretentious people, ambitious of new titles, but the town of Wynhope it had been in the time of their fathers, and the town of Wynhope they were content to have it yet.

It had broad, well-paved streets, lined with shops and stores of gay appearance in one quarter; and not a few fine old-style homesteads, substantially handsome, claiming plenty of elbow room, in the other. There were a goodly number of churches and academies, a prettily laid-out public park, and a town Hall, wherein, in gay seasons, dramatic, and even operatic, representations were given to delight the aspiring and cultivated people of Wynhope. But, despite its city graces and adornments, there was an undeniable rurality about the old place. In the centre of its most popular streets you would come upon a wide-porched cottage, with vines of clambering roses, cape jessamine, or Australian plant, winding round its windows, and climbing over its low roof. You could look through the palings that surrounded its pretty garden, and see a miniature farm-yard at the back—where gay turkeys strutted with bristling importance, and little bantams disputed contentiously with great shanghais. The tinkle of cow-bells was a familiar sound in Wynhope; and the smell of clover was scarcely lost, even in the neighborhood of the wholesale warehouses.

Wynhope had not only a river approach, but its manufactures warranted much railroad communication also; and thus at one straggling outskirt of the town where the great depot stood, there was a rattling, banging, hammering cluster of workshops, which had sprung up around it, and ready-made clothing, restaurants, and beer-saloons in profusion. But Wynhope had its romantic side; its streets soon wandered off into lanes, skirted with cedar and sycamore trees, and westward from its business aspect a pretty, graceful bridge spanned one of the loveliest streams that ever dashed headlong over time-worn rocks, or wandered in whispering stillness among banks of wild flowers. Sweet Clementina Creek; few of the pretty girls who wove rhymes to its shining waters in the gushing days of poetic fancies, knew why it bore that maidenly name; they were content to drop pebbles into its silvery breast as it lay in the morning sunlight, or sigh over its moonlight stillness when they strayed in groups along its verdant banks.

There was one charm about the Clementina—it steadily refused to become common, or noisily vulgar. There were pic-nic grounds along its banks, where the lower class—and there were very decided distinctions of society in Wynhope—used to claim the privilege of holding roystering away occasionally; its paths likewise were as free to the sunbonnet factory girl in her calico hood, as to the pretty miss in her elegant garden hat, but its shady beauty had never suffered by desecration. It was the lovely poetic Clementina, with its dozen phases of water life in every mile, its dark brooding stillness overhung with willows, its wild foamy dashing over stones half hidden in the spray wreaths, its curving nooks forming flower-bordered lakes, its tiny cataracts, and fairy maelstroms never growing dull or commonplace, but always reigning over the minds of the youthful Wynhopers as the dearest of living streams. Before you came to the bridge that spans this favorite water, the appearance of Wynhope becomes very rural, considering its businesslike aspect of a few rods further towards the river. The houses change to cottages, the gardens spread into little fields, and daisies and clover spring under your very feet.

One of the oldest and most picturesque of these pretty habitations, had belonged time out of mind, to a family named Berryl; an unfortunate household in one thing, since they had reversed the order of nature, the younger branches being all gone, and only the elder trunk of the family tree remaining.

Old Paul Berryl, now nearly four-score, lived desolately in the homestead made glad in years long gone by the sound of merry voices.

His wife and four children had been one after the other taken from him, and he stood alone, a bowed old man, childish in spirit and very sorrowful. Little more than twenty years before they had been a happy family, well to do for such plain folk, and prosperous in every undertaking. John, the eldest, was a handsome young man of whom they were properly proud. Old Paul had an ambition of his own, and by some chance influence the lad was entered into the naval school and bred a gentleman, as his gratified parent said. The three daughters, Mary, Nelly, and Bab, as they were called, were pretty girls, particularly the youngest, who was the family pride and hope. The two elder were delicate; but Barbara was blooming and brilliant as an opening rose. She was gentle and thoughtful, given to moping, her mother used to say, when she would find her in some quiet corner reading old stories, with a perfect unconsciousness of anything occurring round her.

The three girls were belles, in their way, and not without suitors; and Mary and Nelly became happily betrothed to two brothers, James and Edward Garfield. Promising and comfortably situated young men whose father, a flour dealer, had taken them into his trade and given them a good start in business life. Perhaps the Garfields were a shade higher in the social scale than the pretty girls they proposed to lift a straw's breadth in matrimony; at anyrate, Mrs. Garfield, their respectable and ambitious mother, thought so; and for a time discountenanced the union; but being a tender-hearted, as well as aspiring woman, she had yielded when she saw her boys' hearts set on the hope of making Mary and Ellen Berryl their wives. Besides, John Berryl, the now past-midshipman, was such a fine gentleman-like fellow, that when the two families met together in social conjunction to recognize the close union that would soon exist between them, the heart of Mrs. Garfield was subdued so completely by the elegance and grace of the son, that she amiably closed her eyes to the homespun simplicity of the mother, and the downright bluntness of the honest old father.

Speaking of the family to her husband, she confessed that she had regarded the close alliance in any but a hopeful light.

"But I feel almost reconciled to it now," she added. "To be sure, Mary and Nelly are merely pretty and amiable, but young Mr. John is quite stylish, and Barbara promises so well, that she'll be likely to make a fine match and raise the whole family."

Alas for poor Barbara, it was in the fond adulation of those who loved her only, that she was ever destined to hold a fair place in society.

Somehow a scandal grew out about her—whispered at first, and indignantly denied by all who knew her well. A theatrical company had played at Wynhope with great success; and when, after a six weeks' season, they departed, their comedy hero, the elegant young Dorsett, that all the young girls of Wynhope raved about to each other in secret, remained behind.

How he came to know honest Paul Berryl's daughter Barbara, no one could guess—but it was of him, and their secret meetings, and strangely passionate interviews the whispered story told.

She had been seen hanging about his neck weeping wildly, under the shadow of the willows on the Clementina banks; and late people going out that way to the little factory village, lying a few miles beyond, had noted her stealing homeward to her father's slumbering household, whilst the stealthy lover strode away into the town.

Every one knew these things before the word was brought into her own unhappy home.

There was an orphan girl, called Esther Davis, who had lived with them for years, and knew no other interests than those of the family who had adopted her; she was a good deal younger than Barbara, little more than a child, in fact, and people in the stores where she went to buy the family provisions talked freely before her. She came home in great wonder and much agitation, burdened with the tale.

Mrs. Berryl had been ailing with a little fever. It was autumn weather; the rains set in early, and in the invariable house scouring of the season she had taken cold, and sick with it, kept her room for a few days. It happened that the sisters all were with her when the startled Esther burst amongst them, crying:

"Oh, Mrs. Berryl, down at Hodge's the men were saying such strange things of Barbara. Oh, it's awful, and they're telling how her character's all gone, and she's disgraced for ever. Please send Mr. Berryl down to explain it all, for its dreadful to hear what they say."

That was the beginning of a bitter end. Mrs. Berryl looked with steady horror into her blighted daughter's eyes. She never asked one word or question after that; the *startled truth gleamed out upon her suddenly, and she cared to know no more.* She turned herself to the wall, honest woman, with a pure name and an unspotted record heretofore. She could not face the world again.

That night Barbara fled secretly from her home, and that day week her mother was laid in her grave. Mrs. Garfield came to speak quietly and seriously with Mary and Nelly. The result of her interview was that some little packages, bearing her sons' names, were sent to her house, and a little note from the two sisters accompanied them. It contained but a few words. The sad trouble that had befallen them had determined them in the course they now pursued; their father needed their utmost care and attention, and although they would ever be James and Edward Garfield's sincere friends, they begged to return the pledges they had received and say good-bye. They were quiet, delicate-looking girls at any rate, and no one of the very few people who now saw them would have guessed from their appearance how much the effort they had made cost their poor hearts; but Nelly's burden was not long to be borne. Before the spring came in again, scattering the snow with laughing sunshine, she lay beside her mother, and her poor, sad sister stood alone.

Old Paul Berryl bore the shock bravely. It only made him stern and hard. He had been a good, easy-going soul, prosperous and happy, with a respectable bearing and the sensible judgment of a man who never tried to soar beyond his level. Now he seemed to have gained a strange, cold dignity, and the power of carrying himself proudly above pity or confidence. He shut the door of his heart closely the morning he found his daughter's chamber empty, and never more opened his lips about her or her shameful flight. He laid his wife and daughter in the grave in stony silence, and went back to the task of living as one who defied the torture of memory or the fear of future sorrow to crush him into wailing grief. One only injunction he laid upon his diminished household. His son John was cruising in the Pacific, with a hope and promise of promotion when the three years' voyage was over. No one should tell him the fearful story, till it could no longer be withheld from his knowledge. The decent sorrow of death he might share with them, and learn that his dear mother and sister were angels in heaven, but the black shame of the one who had wrought the havoc he must be saved from hearing, at least upon the pitiless sea, into which he might madly fling himself, to wash away the dreadful stain.

So time went on, but no word ever came of the desperate girl who had plunged them all in sorrow. Mary longed to be able to meet poor John and try to break the blow destined to fall upon him. Her own poor heart had bled at every word of his, written in consolation of their mutual sorrow. He said he was striving hard to gain leave of absence, that he might share Barbara's watch over their dear old father, and let Mary marry the good fellow who was enduring his lonely life so long and patiently. But there was another bridegroom waiting for the poor girl, who grew impatient, and claimed her just a fortnight before her brother's return. The poor longing eyes closed peacefully, and the wasted face smiled calmly in its last rest. They placed her beside her kindred, and old Paul Berryl went back to his empty home. There he met his darling boy, and there poor John heard the story of his blotted name, while something of his father's spirit in the young man froze his grief for his sister's death into icy horror for the fate of his sister living.

But he soon woke to a stronger, firmer feeling, that grew apace into an unalterable determination, and in its strength and fervor saved him from blank despair. The man Dorsett, where was he? He would find him if he walked the face of the earth. That was the only thing now left for him to do, and when it was over he prayed God that he might lie down and die, for the sight of the light of day was hideous in his eyes. His father entreated him to stay with him and leave the villain in the hands of his Creator, who had said, "Vengeance is mine." For the world-serving, cowardly brothers, the excited young man cherished a hatred only inferior in bitterness to the feeling that panted for revenge on Dorsett, and his father was fain to let him depart, fearing an encounter in Wynhope between him and the now prosperous merchants, James and Edward Garfield.

John Berryl left his home, never to return. That was twenty years before the winter when Mr. Louis Wallace asked handsome Olivia Copeland to be his wife, some day when he felt he might deserve her better; and in the few first years the poor lonely old father in Wynhope had wandered far and near in search of his lost boy.

Esther Davis, the grateful girl who repaid the early kindness the family had shown her by a life's devotion to its last surviving member, was well assured that the "young lieutenant," as she always called him, had died away in the South of some noxious fever, while bent upon his dreary search for revenge; but although letters were brought to him to prove it, and every incident of his loss detailed, the bereaved father refused to believe his boy was dead.

By-and-by he fell suddenly from his cold, proud, unbending grief, into childish tenderness and sorrow. It was a paralytic stroke, the physician said; but Esther Davis, who was an ignorant woman, blest the change as God's merciful love that had thawed the frozen soul. He spoke of Barbara, quite forgetful of her crime, and only mindful of the sad separation that held them inevitably apart. Strange to say, the erring girl seemed to be aware of this change of feeling, and sent a timid token of her love and duty to her old father. It was received with a slight shock, that threatened to recall the past too clearly, but it lasted only an instant, and the old man's face beamed with pleasure, and he wept fondly over the remembrance of his lost beauty.

A peddler woman whom Esther had often seen wandering about with her wares, became a regular messenger after that time, and for five or six years had brought constant packages, that suited the old Paul's childish fancies, be they what they might. It was a lonely house now, the cottage near the Clementina. The front rooms were closed and no longer used, only the sitting-room and the old man's bed room opening from it were lighted in the evening. Esther, prim and prematurely old, moved about silently in pursuit of her many duties as housekeeper and nurse.

CHAPTER VII.

THE AFFIANCED.

Leonore Raye and her two pretty companions sat together in their pleasant morning parlor the day after the skating party. The twin sisters were busy scanning some plates of Paris fashions, and deciding like silly, short-sighted little creatures as they were, about the favorite dresses to be arranged for their adornment when the odious time of mourning was past, never thinking that the styles would then be out of date.

"It is lonely in this great house," said Leonore suddenly; "it was delightful yesterday on that glittering pond, with the excitement of rivalry and gay society. I believe I should like to be always in such a scene."

"Oh, Leonore," cried Bertha reproachfully, "you said only yesterday morning that you were happy to be with us, and cared for nothing beyond this charming room and its delightful sources of amusements."

"Yes," returned Leonore yawning. "I did think so yesterday morning, but I feel differently now. I find it stupid."

Her tone was petulant and fretful, like that of a crossed or weary child, and her face bore a corresponding sort of expression.

The two fair girls glanced timidly at the pretty, willful looking creature, and Adah stole softly to her side and kissed her flushing cheek.

"It was not so pleasant with company here last night, I'm sure," she urged. "Mrs. Wallace says so much to one that it's quite confusing; she has a watching sort of way too that is really unpleasant, and asks such odd questions about everything."

"She's a bore," said Leonore bluntly, and as she spoke, Olivia, with her little tablets in her hand, and her pencil tapping her lips, came into the room.

"I am sending to New York by letter for some things I need," she said. "Is there any little commission I can add for you, fair ladies?"

She spoke gayly and cheerily, and seemed so bright and buoyant that the contrast between the two of the day before was reversed, Olivia had found Leonore's spirits, Leonore herself was drooping.

"I want nothing," Leonore said—then she added, "thank you for asking."

"If we could get those amber beads, you know, Leonore," hinted Adah. "Did you not say that was all we need to make our fire screens perfect?"

But Olivia was full of something important, and for the time being, conscious only of what she had to communicate. She bit her lips with sudden nervousness, and changed color once or twice despite her efforts at self-control before she spoke, then she said, clearing her throat, which seemed to grow provokingly dry,

"Miss Raye, and my dear sisters, I think it right to tell you at once something of great importance to my own life that has just occurred, and indeed an event which must affect your own in a measure, that is, I believe it to be something of which you should be made immediately aware."

Leonore rose up from her lounging position and fixed her eyes like glittering lights full on the speaker's face.

Olivia met the look quietly, only showing by a slightly heightened color that she felt its intentness.

"I do not know whether or not I surprise you when I say that Mr. Louis Wallace has proposed to me, and I have accepted him as my future husband."

Her sisters uttered a little cry of astonishment. Miss Raye gave no sound, and she went on hurriedly:—

"I know, it being only two months since my aunt's death, the affair may appear premature, and of course we shall be obliged to act most circumspectly. Indeed Louis may go abroad again and leave me under his mother's care entirely. But I trust you will understand, dear girls, that the arrangement must make nothing but pleasure for you, and that both he and I would not for the world interfere with your comfort or happiness in the slightest."

"He will come to live here then," said Leonore slowly, and with the manner of one who tries to understand a difficult proposition, "and we will be under a sort of guardianship of his. Bertha and Adah will be his sisters—but I, what shall I be?"

Olivia glanced with a faint shade of severity at the speaker, who with a strangely musing expression went on, taking no heed of the look—

"Yes, I think it is better as it is—he will belong to us all then, and I shall see him every day."

"Leonore, Miss Raye," cried Olivia, flushed and displeased; "the gentleman of whom you speak is to be my husband. According to my aunt's will The Poplars will be our home, but I really do not understand you when you say that he will belong to you all—" she stopped quickly, as if a little ashamed of her warmth and haste.

Leonore laughed loud and long.

"You are jealous," she said sharply, "which is weak and silly, quite unbecoming to your lofty style.

"Come, girls, we'll make the fire screens, and fashion kettle holders, and mats for the tea urn; we are going to be overflowed with domestic bliss by-and-by, and should be getting all the appliances ready."

Miss Copeland only took an instant's thought, and then she decided that the best thing to do was to be unconscious of the young miss's cynical humor; she smiled and kissed her perplexed looking sisters, who seemed really undecided as to the exact nature of the change in their family relations, and whether Olivia should be congratulated or condoled with.

To her surprise Miss Raye followed this embrace by offering one on her own responsibility in a pure womanly spirit and without a shadow of her former mood.

"God bless you and make you truly happy," she said, and kissed her fervently.

Olivia looked down at the two little hands that clasped her own earnestly, then at the mouth that quivered with feeling, and the eyes that gushed with tears.

"What an uncomfortably odd creature," she thought to herself; "one minute she is so sharp and disagreeable that it is a pleasure to hate her, the next she is gentle and tender, and makes you ashamed of being angry with her."

But she expressed none of these opinions openly, being a discreet, peace-loving girl; she took the good as it came, without questioning, and returned Leonore's caress with polite civility.

"I must go and finish my letter," she said, returning to her pleased and happy manner; "I shall have a visitor soon, I suppose, and must learn to arrange my business so that Louis's presence may not interfere with it."

She went away, looking so completely

satisfied and happy in her good fortune, so brightly hopeful for the future, and withal such a new and added dignity and grace of manner, that her sisters sighed involuntarily as if they too missed a pleasure that should be theirs.

Not a word would Leonore utter after she left. Her whole manner changed to one of dull brooding gloom, and she gathered herself into the corner of the sofa and nursed her knees in silence, unbroken by a syllable till dinner time. Then she dressed herself carefully, and coming down into the great dining-room, where Mr. Wallace and his mother were entertained in state, the gratified matron all beaming and serene, with the wish of her heart fulfilled.

Her son bore his happiness with singular equanimity, not in the least degree evincing any emotion awakened by the circumstances around him. In fact he seemed, if anything, a trifle bored by his mother's congratulatory looks, and the ceremony of greeting his sisters-in-law that were to be.

When Leonore saw as she did at a glance that his face expressed no elation, her own brightened instantly, and she laid her hand in his and laughed mischieviously in his eyes, without any explanation of her sudden mirth.

Olivia did not like this, and she frowned instinctively; still less did she relish the evident relief her future lord seemed to feel in the society of the provoking little creature, who, after her dull morning, flashed out into an evening of positive brilliancy. She astonished her completely, for Olivia looked on the sharer of her aunt's fortune as erratic, wilful and eccentric, without giving her credit for talent or peculiar mental endowments.

Now she could not withhold the involuntary admiration her sparkling merriment excited, and she wondered where a girl, educated in a quiet establishment under the control of elderly maiden ladies, as her sisters had told her Leonore was, could have gathered the store of anecdotes and merry tales she told, the wit to charm against their will the hearts of listeners, and take their fancy captive. She made Louis laugh more heartily than his destined bride had thought possible for one who yielded so lazily to the influence of mirth. She forced Mrs. Wallace to beg her to repeat a witticism that she had lost in the ringing shout of her son's laughter, and she conquered Olivia so far that she forgot to be wary and distrustful, and yielded completely to the spell of her witchery. The twin sisters were always gay and delighted when their pet companion was, so they of course rejoiced in the general pleasure.

The face of their entertainer beamed with the spirit of joy, her eyes danced and glittered, her cheeks glowed, her red lips shone in smiles and dimples. She promised them a fairy festival on her birthday in the spring, and bade Louis find an Oberon worthy of her favor, for she would be Titania and revive the court of fairies. She pictured the splendors of her mimic bower upon the lawn, and gave each of her friends an appropriate character from Romance, in which to come and pay their court to her. Louis should be Ivanhoe, not that she thought him capable of feats of arms, she said, but that he would look well in the dress, and was withal a knightly figure. Olivia could not be his Rowena, her hair was too beautifully black. She might not care to be the peerless daughter of the Jew, but she would look Rebecca gloriously, particularly if any one annoyed her in the breach of dignity or decorum. "She is such a splendid woman, you know," she said, turning to Louis, gayly; "and so proper and correct, and faultless in every way, that harum-scarum creatures, such as I, shock her into an additional flash of indignant surprise, which only increases her beauty, while it intimidates us."

Olivia laughed. She was perfectly good-humored, and there was no latent meaning in Leonore's tone to rouse the old distrust that for this once slumbered in her heart. But the merry girl grew tired of being merry. Suddenly she changed her mood, and turning swiftly into thoughtful gravity, carried her listeners unresistingly with her. She had just thought of something so odd and mysterious that happened near her school at Rochester. Olivia suggested it by a word or two of defence she had made against the imputation of too much ceremony. It was about a bride who died or seemed to die upon her bridal day, the saddest story that could be conceived, and the little actress told it with drooping eyes and hushed voice, lingering sighingly over the pride and beauty of the fair creature who was snatched from the very arms of joy, so suddenly that her face froze in its gladness, and she lay cold and pulseless, like a stone figure representing pausing bliss. She had a weak heart that had caused her some pain before; but there never had been the least fear that the disease would prove mortal, until suddenly it had done so. They buried her; and her husband, strange to tell, the narrator said, grieved for her silently, but so deeply that he too died and was laid beside her when the year was out. It was his last wish that he might hold her perishing form in his dead arms, and thus they might fall to dust together. When they opened her coffin to carry out his strange desire, they found to their horror that the poor young bride had awoke from the trance in which they had buried her, and made some convulsive movements in her horrible death struggle under ground. She had been a very peculiar girl in her ideas of fitness and nicety, and they had buried her with a ring she used to wear before her marriage day, but had left off on that occasion. They found the ring lying loosely in the bottom of the coffin, where she had dropped it, for even in her dreadful torture it was surmised that she had remembered it was out of place in her bridal death garments.

Olivia shuddered. "What a dreadful story," she said. "Oh, why will people bury the dead until there is no hope of their ever coming back to life? The English are more Christianlike than we are, they keep their friends above ground for a week, but we hasten to cover them out of our sight."

"I should wish to be put in a sepulchre like the Patriarchs rested in, and left there to test which world I belonged to. I don't like the plan of treasuring a dead body in a household, nor should I emulate that hero of Miss Raye, and desire to clasp decay." And Louis shrugged his shoulders at the disagreeable thought.

"He had a heart, you know. I told you that to begin with," said Miss Raye, and she made him a little explanatory bow, at which he laughed and said, "Ah, I see."

Mrs. Wallace and her dutiful son, now dutifully settled for life, and high in his mother's favor in consequence, rode home together in the cold, snowy moonlight. He wrapped his fur collar around him and lay back in the corner of the carriage, with a determination towards silence that his wary parent at first forebore to interrupt.

At length she said gently, "Do you not think, dear Louis, that Miss Raye is very—very—" She paused a moment, as if unable to select the exact word she wanted, and finally seized on the term "unsatisfactory" as a substitute for the one she needed.

"I think her very vivacious and captivating," he answered with great warmth, and in direct opposition to the worthy lady's wish. "She saves one the trouble of yawning, and is so varied and delightful that you don't begin to weary of one style till she offers you another."

Mrs. Wallace coughed dubiously. "Yes," she admitted, "she is entertaining and amusing, in fact she is particularly amusing; but that is the last quality one would require in a wife, my dear, is it not?"

Her son did not respond to this way of thinking, it seemed. He answered, a little captiously: "Well, I really don't know why a man should condemn himself to the constant contemplation of stupidity; but, as you say, I suppose it's highly proper for one to get as dull a wife as he can."

"Why, my dear Lewis—" she had begun wonderingly, but she paused and allowed her knowledge of the young gentleman's character to weigh with her on the subject of taking him to task, a ceremony out of which she generally emerged somewhat ruffled, for although she was wont to describe him as the best of sons and most devoted and noble of men, it was a lamentable fact that Mr. Louis Wallace lost his laziness sometimes (which was what passed with him for amiability,) and awakening to energy and crossness at the same moment, would vow that he would not be picked at and dissected by any one, not even his own dear mother, whom he loved and respected thoroughly as long as she in no wise interfered with his comfort or happiness. So Mrs. Wallace tapered her sentence off into a series of short coughs, and inwardly resolved to do her utmost to keep her susceptible son out of the range of Miss Raye's captivations, which, even though he were engaged to Miss Olivia Copeland, could not be resisted entirely.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Breaks Down Young Men.

It is a commonly received notion that hard study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation, is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship. Every one who has been through the curriculum knows that where Æschylus and political economy injures one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers of Morpheus are heavier than the loins of Euclid. Dissipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is the early flower expose to untimely frost. Those who have been inveigled in the path of vice are named "Legion," for they are many—enough to convince every novitiate that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living, and plenty of "smashers," make war upon every function of the human body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh—every part and faculty—are overtasked, worn and weakened by the terrific energy of passion and appetite loosed from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young man, right about!

A Type of our Weak Humanity.

What a difference between the two sayings to Peter, uttered within a few minutes of each other! "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which art in heaven. And I say unto thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence"—or, as the word means, thou art a stumbling-stone, a rock of offence—"unto me." Can it be the same man to whom words of such different import are addressed? Yes, the same man in two quickly succeeding states. Now (to the eye which seeth in secret) he appears as one whose mind the Father hath enlightened, now as one whose mind Satan has filled and occupied; now the object of praise and blessing, now of censure and pungent rebuke. And does not this changing Peter, with those two opposite sides of his character turned so rapidly to Christ, stand a type and emblem of our weak humanity? of the ductile nature that is in the best of the followers of our Lord? of the quick transitions that often take place within us? our souls now shone upon by the light from heaven, now lit up with fires of another kindling? What lessons of humility and charity do such experiences in the history of the best men inculcate.

DEATH OF J. J. ASTOR.—John Jacob Astor, Jr., one of the wealthiest men of New York, died on the 17th, in the 65th year of his age. He was one of the three sons of the late John Jacob Astor, the famous millionaire. The two surviving sons are Wm. B. and Henry—the latter of whom lives secluded in a mansion in Fourteenth street, in consequence of mental infirmity. The life of the deceased was not one that furnishes much material for the biographer. He was a quiet, unobtrusive man, and seemed desirous of going through life in the enjoyment of his inherited riches, attracting as little public attention as possible.

☞ A contemporary devotes its attention to the proper mode of cooking cabbage, and states that the best mode of doing it is to cut up the cabbage and boil it in a bag. In this way it is said to be made more palatable and tender.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANU'Y 25, 1868.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

NOTICE.

Back numbers of THE POST, containing the early chapters of "THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS," can be supplied to January 4th.

We are indebted to our old friends for the renewal of their subscriptions, and for the new subscribers whom they have induced to send in their names.

For the warm words of praise with which many of our old subscribers have accompanied the renewal of their subscriptions, we are also grateful. Few things in this world are pleasanter than to have our labors appreciated.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The first two readings of Mr. Dickens, on Monday and Tuesday of last week, were attended by an excellent representation of the intellect and culture of Philadelphia.

Mr. Dickens's reception by his audience seemed to us rather cool than otherwise, though this was partly owing to his tripping in very quickly, and beginning his reading before everybody was well aware of it. It may also be partly attributed to the natural manner of our people, who seem to be very much afraid lest they should compromise their reputation for solidity of judgment and critical discrimination by applauding in advance of the performance. There is moreover a large infusion of Quaker blood in the more intellectual classes of Philadelphia; and of all audiences to drive a reader or speaker distracted, with their icy coldness and want of demonstrative enthusiasm, commend us to one made up of the sober members of the highly respectable society of Friends. As Mr. Dickens progressed, however, with his reading, the audience thawed out somewhat, and laughed and applauded in a hearty and genial manner. While on the second reading, although made up in a large degree of different material, the crowded room from the very first words, responded to the pathos and humor of the reader.

On these two evenings, Mr. Dickens read The Christmas Carol, The Trial in Pickwick, an abstract of David Copperfield, and Bob Sawyer's Dinner Party.

Mr. Dickens's ordinary tone, that which he employs for the narrative portion of his readings, is not an unusually good one. We have heard numerous persons who could read a simple poem or narrative quite as well as he does. His voice is not remarkably clear or powerful—though stronger than we had expected from certain criticisms.

It is in the dramatic portions of his readings that Mr. Dickens's power as a reader is made manifest. He conceives each character as a distinct existence, and is able to command that variety in his tones, expression and gestures, which gives a distinct and appropriate voice and manner to his chief personages.

This faculty is an unusual one. Few readers can command for instance more than three or four distinct voices; the majority of readers perhaps not more than two. But Mr. Dickens has, we judge, at least ten to twelve distinct voices. Thus there was in David Copperfield, Peggotty, Mrs. Gummidge, Steerforth, Micawber, and Mrs. Micawber, in addition to David himself, to represent whom the natural tone was used.

And yet neither of the above voices could be confounded for a moment with that of the Judge in the Pickwick trial—which is a great success—or with Mr. Winkle, or Sergeant Buzfuz, or Tiny Tim, or Bob Cratchett, or Scrooge.

Sam Weller did not strike us as altogether a success. Perhaps we expected too much from Samivel. Neither did Mr. Pickwick—for which we were very sorry. We wished much to meet those two gentlemen—but though others may have recognized them very plainly, we regret to say that we did not.

We do not think it is good policy for those who attend these readings, to refresh their memories by a previous perusal of the stories which are to be read. He that has never read them at all, will, we think, enjoy the readings the most. A witticism that one knows by heart, will fall upon the ear a little robbed of its zest, even from the lips of the best reader or speaker. And enjoyment, and not mere criticism, should be the main purpose of every audience.

And therefore we hope that after these readings are over, Mr. Dickens will prepare some short stories expressly for reading—stories that shall not be published at all. Such readings would have a life and zest that the present cannot possibly have. Oh what a treat to hear such a thing as the Trial in Pickwick read to a crowded audience of intelligent people for the first time! What laughter, what enthusiasm, what spontaneous applause! And such pathetic passages in those in the Chimes and David Copperfield, how the hearts of a great audience would melt and flow together beneath the power of that sympathy which makes the whole world kin! Will not Mr. Dickens give us one such original reading, if only an hour long? That would be a treat to remember to one's dying day, taking its natural place among the noblest recollections we have of oratory, or poetry, or devotional fervor.

MORE OF IT.

New Jersey Ball, not succeeding in establishing his claim to Florence Percy's "Rock Me to Sleep" by his pamphlet, recently came out in six or seven tremendously solid columns of one of the New York dailies, in further vindication of his claim. The article is so long, and dull, and heavy, that he who tries to read it through will not be apt to want Ball or anybody else to "rock him to sleep."

If Ball would stop his "rolling on" in that direction, and set about writing half-a-dozen poems one-half as good as the one he claims, people might then believe a little more in him. As it is, all the argument in the world will avail nothing, because Florence Percy has, and he has not, written other poetry equally good.

Suppose two of Ball's journeymen should each lay claim to having made a certain saddle of very fine workmanship—one of them being notoriously a first-class hand, and the other a tenth-rate bungler—would it take Ball five minutes to decide which of the two should have the credit and the cash? What would you care, Ball, for the longest certificates from the friends of Bungle, telling how they had seen him "working on that ere saddle five and twenty years ago." You would simply say to him, "Bungle, you know you could not make a saddle like that to save your life. Saddles are not lucky chances—but the man who can make one good saddle can make another."

Ball, ideas are as difficult to fashion properly as leather. A bungler can no more make a fine poem by a happy inspiration, than a fine saddle.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

For five hundred and forty miles west from Omaha, and from the banks of the Missouri River to within ten miles of the summit of the Black Hills, (the highest point of the Rocky Mountains crossed by the road,) the Union Pacific Railroad has been completed and equipped. So rapidly has this work been accomplished that the readers of our newspapers have hardly kept pace with its advance, and those who may have failed to see any of the recent reports will be amazed at the fact that forty miles of road have been built and opened within about two months, in spite of all the obstacles of frost and snow, which would effectually block all ordinary railway constructive work. Money, energetically and judiciously expended, has built and equipped this national railroad with a rapidity previously unknown. Settlers, traders and mechanics have closely followed the pioneership of the locomotive, and cities numbering thousands of inhabitants now greet the eye of the traveller, where, until the construction of the road, there was no hamlet, or even an emigrant's cabin. The work of further construction will not be suspended even during the winter months, but in the rock-cuttings of the mountains beyond the present terminus, the pick and the drill will be actively employed until the time shall come when further track-laying will be practicable. The extent to which the securities of this Railroad Company have been taken during the past few months by the people of every section of the country, prove the widespread interest felt in its prosecution and completion, and also the popular faith in the commercial greatness of the enterprise; and the coming year's reports of the mineral and agricultural production of the great Western Territories will show that the advances made in aid of its construction by the general government have been a true public economy.

The California mails and passengers have already been carried through to New York and Philadelphia in fifteen days, and it is expected that during the coming season the regular time will be reduced to nine days, and that more than half the Pacific coast travel will take this route, instead of the long, tedious journey of twenty-two to twenty-four days by sea. The intervening stage trip between the two ends of the Pacific Railroad line will be but a romantic holiday excursion, and we have no doubt that the passenger traffic in that direction this year will be a full earnest of the immense business that must follow the completion of the work perhaps two years later.

We can see no reason to doubt that this greatest of modern works will go on as vigorously as it has been begun, and that 1870 will see the two sides of the Republic for the first time really united, to be, let us hope, forever inseparable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DAWN. Published by Adams & Co., Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. A novel, we judge, which claims to be somewhat of the "progressive" school—but we have not had time to do more than glance at it.

EKKOMS FROM KENTUCKY. By PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M. at Confederit X Roads. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

BLEAK HOUSE. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's Edition. With Illustrations. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price $1.50, in cloth. One of the best of Dickens's novels.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents.

AMERICAN NOTES. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price 15 cents.

NAPOLEON AND BLUCHER. An Historical Novel. By L. MUHLBACH, author of the "Daughter of an Empress," &c. Illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philadelphia. Price $2.00, in cloth.

HARD TIMES. By CHARLES DICKENS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. Price, in paper, 25 cents.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, for February. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

☞ A raw Irishman, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have? "Why, somethin' to ate, av coorse," was the reply. A plate of hash was placed before him. "Fot's that?" demanded he. "That's wittles," was the answer. He eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed: "Be jabers, the man that chew'd that can ate it!"

☞ Telegraph operators are generally married men. They marry in order to disburden their minds of the dreadful gossip and news, the weight of which would else soon drive them to suicide.

Life in India.

Scinde has a most unenviable reputation for snakes; it is computed that eight or ten persons are killed every week by the bites of these loathsome reptiles, but—if this is to be of any importance—they are commonly natives; the Europeans do not go into the by-places where the natives go, nor not attempt the particular work that they do, and are differently lodged. One of the chiefs on the Scinde railway, who was in charge of the Kurrachee district—and the Kurrachee, as is well known, is the chief port of Scinde—informed me that at the beginning of the rainy season the snakes were so numerous that although he confined his walks to the road in the vicinity of the town, he was obliged to carry a long stick with which to throw them out of his way; these were not, of course, all venomous serpents.

You seldom speak to a man who has passed any considerable time in India, who has not, on at least one occasion, seen a snake in his bed-room, which is not very much to be wondered at, seeing that the warmth of the clothes must be very attractive to the reptiles. Three or four instances have come to my own knowledge where the cobra has been found under a pillow on which a man has been sleeping all night. It is but seldom, however, that a sleeping man is bitten by the reptile; and, indeed, the snakes, if more deadly, do not bite a fourth of the number that are bitten by scorpions, which latter are a perfect curse. It is hardly worth while to expatiate upon the miseries caused by the insect plagues of the tropics, but Anglo-Indians lay far greater stress on these than on the danger from reptiles.

Some of the incidents related are positively horrible. A lady told me that her husband, a surgeon, died in one of those short illnesses so characteristic of the tropics; he felt unwell in the morning, and before sundown was a corpse. His widow, a mere girl, could not believe that he was dead, and refused to leave him, frantically expressing to the doctor her disbelief. Her husband had not been dead many minutes when this occurred, and the surgeon, pointing to the floor, said, "My dear Mrs. ——, if you persist in doubting me, look there," and by some mysterious instinct a broad column of ants had scented the room of death, and tens of thousands of them were already within the door, and scaling the rude couch on which lay the so lately living man.

In speaking of snakes, I am reminded of an anecdote I once heard of the wife of an Indian railway official, who was trimming with a large knife some plants which formed a border to a flower-bed. She was cutting the tops off, and while so engaged she was scared by seeing the coils of one of the most deadly serpents of the country amongst the leaves. With a loud shriek she dropped the knife and the plants, and a man employed in the garden ran to her assistance. On hearing the cause of her alarm, he sought to kill the snake with the hoe; the creature was plainly to be seen writhing about, but, although struck, it made no effort to escape or turn on its assailant. At last it lay motionless, and the gardener ventured to pick it up, when he found it was headless. To the horror of the lady, the head was discovered among the leaves which she had thrown down on seeing the snake; she had grasped it unconsciously among the tops of the plants, and with her garden-knife had severed it from the body. The bite of that species of snake was usually fatal in six hours.

Of course, the interior of a large city is freer from reptiles than is the lonely, up-country village; but even in cities it is not uncommon, after a storm of rain, to see a cobra twisting in the flooded gutters; which same is a very suggestive fact, and not a pleasant one. If only one venomous serpent were known to be at large in, we will say, Hyde Park, what terror and consternation would pervade the west of London; yet let it be a common thing that such creatures should infest the place for a few years, and no one shall trouble himself about it.

One gentleman had a very narrow escape, the particulars of which I learned from himself. He was about to remove from one inland station to another—not railway stations these, although, I may observe, he was a surveyor—and his trunks were packed up. These were removed to a sort of shed, awaiting the bullocks which were to take them on, when it struck him that a small one was insufficiently corded. He lifted it, and saw that one girth of the cord had come off. It was twilight, which is equivalent to saying it was almost dark, and he could just see the cord lying on the spot from which he had taken the box. He stooped to pick it up, but as he did so, the supposed cord reared itself in the hideous curve of the cobra, and threw back its head. The surveyor leapt desperately aside, just as the creature launched itself at him. Not all the medicaments in the world could have given him twenty-four hours' life had he been a yard closer to the line of its spring. He snatched a steel-pointed rod which he used in his profession, and stretched the snake with a broken back upon the floor. It was believed that the cobra had dropped from the low roof on to the trunk, and had then crept under it. It was a long time ere my informant could speak calmly of this incident.

☞ The crew of a man-of-war once saw a comet, and were somewhat surprised and alarmed at its appearance. The hands met, and appointed a committee to wait on the commander to ask his opinion of it. They approached him, and said: "We want to ask your opinion, your honor." "Well, my boys, what is it about?" "We want to inquire about that thing up there." "Now, before I answer you, first let me know what you think it is." "Well, your honor, we have talked it over, and we think it is a star sprung a-leak."

☞ The tobacco chewer is said to be like a goose in a Dutch oven—always on a spit.

☞ It is said that the practice of decorating churches and homes with evergreens at Christmas, originated with the Druids.

☞ One of the beauties of the Court of Frederick the Great said to the King:—"Sire, how is that you, who are so glorious already, still seek for new fame?" "Madame," he replied, "for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, still wear *rouge*."

☞ Janus, for whom January is named, was a two-faced god, who looked before and backward—a fit emblem of this season of anticipation and retrospection.

Over Sea.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

GRESHAM HOTEL, DUBLIN, }
Dec. 30th, 1867. }

It seems almost impossible to us, sojourners in Erin, to realize the severity of the weather which you have been suffering in Philadephia, New York, and elsewhere in the United States. Here the climate is never cold, but raw, damp, insidious, and penetrating. The days are short, dingy, foggy, and rainy—and the streets and side-walks are perpetually and most provokingly muddy. Heaters and furnaces are considered excessively modern inventions, and as such are used only in banks and public offices; but grate fires burn everywhere, and the specks of soot from the Liverpool coal are very vexatious. I go through a process of soap and water numberless times during the course of the day, with the air of a martyr, as who should say, "Behold she doeth what she can, but of what use?"—sure that half an hour after, a little hand will be laid on my cheek, and a little voice quaver: "Oh! H——, your face is all full of little black specks;" or, with a sidelong glance at my hands, and a tone of severe reproof in the little voice, "*Look* at your fingers!" Alas! soap can do no more.

The houses of Dublin are very antiquated in appearance; and the public buildings, consisting of Trinity College, The Bank of Ireland, Dublin Four Courts, and the Post-Office, are alike immense, dingy, and colonnaded; with here and there a speck of scarlet and gleam of steel, where the patient sentinel paces his beat.

The house where Tom Moore was born is now a disreputable corner grocery, in a narrow, dirty street. His bust is niched between the windows of the second story. I have plucked a leaf from the grave of Robert Emmet—which one finds in old St. Michael's church-yard, unmarked, unhonored save by a blank and sunken headstone. In Glass Neven Cemetery—Catholic—is a neat tablet, erected over the grave and "To the memory of Ann Devlin, faithful servant of Robert Emmet." Strangers are always shown this tomb, and the poor old creature is thus brought into pleasant, posthumous, and deserved notoriety, by her devotion to her brave, unfortunate master. O'Connell's remains lie not far off, and are about to be removed to the splendid monument which his admiring countrymen have raised to his memory. In fact there is an eruption of pillars, busts, and statues all over the city, commemorative of persons or events—of which O'Connell's Monument, Nelson's and Wellington's Pillars, and the equestrian statue of King William the Third, on College Green—are the most imposing.

St. Patrick's Cathedral is my delight. It is centuries old, and is built in the form of a cross. Swift was one of its Deans—King William worshipped here after the victory of the Boyne; and here is a marble tablet, *with its pompous Latin memorial of Curran—whose remains lie in the cemetery of Glass Neven.* Battle-stained flags droop above burnished helmets in the Nave, and the effect of them over chaunting priests and acolytes is very impressive. The cathedral is an Episcopal one, notwithstanding its name and some of its Romish observances, and the music is splendid.

Trinity College, founded in the early part of the sixteenth century, is the Alma Mater of Burke, Goldsmith, and other celebrities. The author of The Deserted Village was expelled thence on account of his stupidity; and his cup and saucer, and other bits of household ware, are now carefully preserved. A copy of Paradise Lost, with the authentic autograph of John Milton on its fly-leaf, was shown us, together with a book of Shakspeare's Plays—one of the first edition. The Examination Hall of the College is large and lofty. Its walls are adorned with full length portraits of Burke, Swift, and others; and it contains an organ, washed ashore at the Giant's Causeway, from one of the wrecked vessels of the Spanish Armada.

In the Bank of Ireland is the room where the Irish Parliament formerly sat. It is interesting for nothing but its historical associations, and two immense pieces of tapestry work which it contains, representing respectively the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne. These, though so ancient and faded, seem to me quite wonderful.

In Dublin Castle are the state apartments of the Lord Lieutenant, who resides there, with his family, during two months of the year—the rest being spent at the Vice-Regal Lodge in Phœnix Park. The Dining Hall, Drawing-rooms, and Bed-rooms, are furnished much as private houses in Republican America—though in my simplicity, I expected something vastly superior. The old housekeeper, who accompanied us on our rounds, in pointing out the various portraits, said, "This is his Excellency the Duke of Northumberland; this is his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle," emphasizing each declaration with a little old-fashioned curtsey, as if she were presenting us to their high mightinesses in person. The Earl of Essex—dark, melancholy, sworded and perruked—must have been a son of Anak if his portrait be literal in its length; and Lord Chesterfield has the smirk round his mouth which one expects to see in his pictures.

The Art Gallery of Dublin is a very pleasant building—the collection of statuary small but excellent, consisting of slabs and obeliske from Egypt and Nineveh—Caryatides—copies of the Apollo Belvidere, Venus Aphrodite, Laocoon, and other famous works of art. The figure which pleased me best was that of Pudicitia, or Modesty, which is completely enveloped in drapery. The pose is dignified, graceful, and perfect, and the face very sweet and noble. The collection of paintings is large, some of them very ancient, and bearing the superscription of world wide reputations, but there were only two which pleased me, and both of these quite modern in style. One of them represents the interior of a Mortuary Chapel. A monk, aged, solitary and desolate, kneels on the cold stone pavement. Just beyond him are altar and crucifix; above hangs a swinging lamp, whose feeble gleam falls on his serge dress and shaven crown. In the wall are eleven sealed tombs, bearing the sign of the cross, but the twelfth one is open and empty. Last of the Brotherhood he patiently awaits his summons to the Silent Land.

The second is an immense crayon sketch, life size. It represents the loyal peasants of Rambsbach capturing rebel prisoners. The faces and figures are splendidly and vigorously drawn. It gives one a sense of freedom to look at it, its execution is so wide and broad and uncramped.

Using the same language that we do in the United States, it is curious to note the differences in meaning which occur here. Wishing a spool of cotton, not long since, I walked into one of the monster *shops*, where one may obtain anything, from a bonnet or a velvet cloak or a diamond ring, down to a pair of shoes or a hair pin, and preferred my modest request. "A *spool* of cotton?" slowly repeated the clerk, as a look of puzzled wonder overspread his face, and he brought out various articles having cotton as the foundation of their texture, each of which I contemptuously rejected, repeating the cabalistic words, "I want a spool of cotton." Presently I was helped to a chair, and a convention of five clerks was called, who, after debating for several minutes, evidently agreed upon something—for one of them approached me respectfully, and asked, "Is it a creel you want, miss?" at the same time showing me the desired article, which I joyfully seized and made away with.

I have wandered through more than pyramidal mazes in the various stores, in search of cotton batting, and have been shown wool, horsehair, the stuff that mops are made of, and all the while I knew that somewhere, not many feet off, that batting was curled up, soft, warm and secure, and snickering to itself to think I didn't know what to call it.

Passing along Nassau Street a few days ago, with a young English lady of my acquaintance—"Here," said she, "is the swell *lollipop* shop of the city." Having a faint idea that lollipops were a peculiar sort of blue pill, and first cousins to calomel and jalap, I looked around, expecting to view the various paraphernalia of a drug store, when I saw, what do you think?—guess!—but I'm sure you wouldn't for a month. It was a *candy* store.

The Fenian demonstration, which took place here a few Sundays ago, evidencing the feeling of the people against the government for the Manchester executions—was a very sad affair, which occasionally bordered upon the ludicrous. Fifteen thousand men, women and children, struggled past, through the rain and mud, shivering, cold, miserable and forlorn, and green flaunted everywhere in defiance of the red. I doubt not many are suffering to day from severe colds, taken by so rash an exposure to the weather. Poor things! I could not help pitying them.

Innocent as a lamb, I not long since went out with a green veil on, and was so stared at by soldiers, police and constabulary, and, in fact, every one else, that I grew alarmed for my personal safety, rushed home and poked the offending article into the depths of my trunk. An emerald ring which I wear, is obnoxious, by reason of its color, and I am afraid to indulge in either spinach or cauliflower, for fear of being accused of treasonable sentiments.

Phœnix Park is the great drive of the city, a pleasant country-like place, containing in its immense area the Vice Regal Lodge, Constabulary Barracks, and Zoological Gardens. Grafton Street, short, narrow and tortuous, is the promenade. I cannot end my letter without speaking of the wonderful bog oak ornaments, tables, dressing cases, paper folders, ring stands, jewel boxes, writing desks, &c., ad infinitum, which are manufactured by Goggins & Co. They are carved and executed in the most exquisite manner.

HATTIE.

Stage Feasting.

One of the most curious sales which have recently taken place in Paris was one of the "properties" of a theatre. They consisted chiefly of the larder of the stage, which, by the way, is to some degree going out of fashion. Our actors insist upon real dishes being served to them. It is said that Scribe was the first dramatic author who introduced real dishes on the stage. It was in his piece, "Le Soldat Laboureur." A harvest home was celebrated, and foremost among the dishes was cabbage soup. The manager was a little afraid the aristocratic spectators (who being in the stage-boxes could not escape the fumes of the soup,) would be offended by so plebian an odor. Scribe insisted, and at last the manager gave a reluctant consent. The soup was so well made that its savor seemed very apetizing to the whole audience, and everybody who thought he might venture to do so, knocked at the actor's door and begged to be allowed to taste the soup which seemed so delicious. The fame of the soup spread to the remotest quarters of Paris. The box-openers began to sell dishes of it between the acts, and at last people went to see the play merely to eat the soup. Frederick Lemaitre always insisted that the best claret wine should be served in all pieces where he played and in which the cloth was laid. And the story is told of a poor strolling player, who received a wretched salary, that he inserted in his engagement a provision whereby the manager undertook to give him at least five times a month a part in which he should be required to eat on the stage. Mme. Plessy is accused of being so fond of cakes served in plays wherein she has a part as not to leave a fair share to her comrades. In "Le Fils de Giboyer" a party is given, and Mme. Plessy commonly emptied the dish when it was handed her. She is quite ready to confess gluttony is among her sins. Poor Provost, the excellent actor of the same theatre, the French Comedy, suffered for years before his death from diabetes. When "Duc Job" was brought out, he went to Mons. Got, who was to play with him in the new piece, and said: "My dear fellow, I am, as you know, far from well, and follow a very strict regimen. May I beg of you, as a favor, to allow me to serve on the breakfast-table the infusion of herbs I am ordered to drink, instead of the Sauterne mentioned in the play. The infusion is not disagreeable." Got consented. It happened, ludicrously enough, Provost was required by his part to sip a glass of the infusion while Got was obliged to drink a bottle, for he became tipsy after the breakfast. This continued for more than a hundred consecutive nights.

☞ The person who said that his mouth never uttered a lie, always spoke through his nose.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CONGRESS.—In the U. S. Senate, on the 13th, the Judiciary Committee were instructed to consider the expediency of providing for suspension of public officers in case of impeachment. Mr. Wilson, of Mass., introduced a bill, which was referred, reducing the army. Mr. Grimes, of Iowa, introduced a bill, which was also referred, limiting the naval force to 8,500 men. Mr. Davis's resolution for a tribunal to decide Constitutional questions was considered.

On the 15th, a memorial was presented from members of the Board of Registration in Mississippi, asking an advance of supplies to the planters, to relieve the prevailing destitution.

In the House, the bill placing the South under the exclusive control of Gen. Grant was reported from the Reconstruction Committee, under suspension of the rules, and made the special order until disposed of. The bill declaring that no decision adverse to the constitutionality of a law of Congress shall be given by the Supreme Court, except with the concurrence of two-thirds of the judges, was also reported under a suspension of the rules. Mr. Williams, of Pennsylvania, offered an amendment requiring unanimous consent of the judges. This was rejected, and the bill passed finally, with a proviso that if any Circuit or District Court of the United States decide an act of Congress to be unconstitutional, its decision shall be at once certified to the Supreme Court, and if two-thirds of the members of the latter do not sustain the decision, it shall be reversed.

The Ways and Means Committee were directed to inquire into the expediency of placing the manufacture of whiskey in the hands of the Government.

Mr. Brooks submitted a minority report on the new reconstruction plan, denouncing the whole act as revolutionary and incendiary.

A bill was reported to prevent the further sale of public lands, except under the Preemption and Homestead laws and laws for disposing of town sites and mineral lands.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Senate bills were introduced exempting from tax personal property, moneys at interest, and bonds and mortgages not issued by corporations. Also for a registration of voters, repealing the act punishing conductors for assigning special places in cars to negroes, and relating to judgments in foreign attachments. In the House, bills were introduced for a free railroad system, establishing an insurance department, repealing the act allowing colored people to ride in the cars, and repealing the Sunday liquor and license laws.

THE STANTON CASE.—Gen. Grant, on the 14th inst., yielded up the War Department to Edwin M. Stanton, who is now in office as Secretary of War. The President has as yet taken no action on the subject.

OHIO.—The Hon. Allen G. Thurman, Democrat, has been elected United States Senator from Ohio, for the term beginning *March 4th, 1869. The Republicans* voted for Hon. Benj. F. Wade.

CALIFORNIA.—Reports from the southern portion of the state give the particulars of the recent disastrous storm. The greater part of the country was under water, and many cattle and much property was destroyed. The water was two feet deep in the houses at Visalia.

CONNECTICUT.—The Connecticut Republican Convention has nominated Marshall Jewell, of Hartford, for Governor.

FUNERAL OF BISHOP HOPKINS.—The funeral of Bishop Hopkins took place at Burlington, Vt., on the 15th inst. It was attended by the Bishops of Maine, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Colorado, the Lord Bishop of Quebec, and fifty clergymen from various dioceses.

MARYLAND.—Hon. Wm. F. Hamilton has been elected U. S. Senator by the Maryland Legislature. He received 56 votes, against 45 for Governor Swann, and 5 for Judge Merrick.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.—Most of the actions which have recently been taken against the journals of Paris by the authorities, for alleged violations of privileges, have been abandoned.

On New Year's day King William, of Prussia, sent to the Emperor Napoleon a cordial autograph note, which was answered in the same conciliatory spirit. A much better feeling has prevailed since publicity has been given to this intelligence.

The Paris Patrie says the Governments of France and Prussia have agreed to act together on the Roman question, so far as to restore the relations between the kingdom of Italy and the States of the Church to the exact status created by the September Convention between Italy and France. The Patrie hopes Italy will not interpose any obstacle to the accomplishment of this purpose.

Gen. Failly, commander of the Expeditionary Corps in Italy, has asked the Emperor to permit the return of French troops to Rome, as their quarters at Cevitta Vecchia and Viterbo are over-crowded. This request creates a general feeling of uneasiness and distrust.

The Vienna Debats asserts that a new treaty is being negotiated between France and Italy, to take the place of the September Convention.

ITALY.—A large class of the Catholic population of the kingdom of Italy, which, since the consolidation under Victor Emmanuel, has steadily refused to recognize his government by voting, has resolved to abandon its inactive policy, and will take an active part in the next Parliamentary election.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The authorities are very active in searching out the leaders of the Fenian movement. A man was arrested in the County of Cork, who, it is expected, will prove no other than the celebrated Col. Michael Doheny.

The employees of the telegraph office in Belfast, arrested on the charge of Fenianism, have been discharged from custody.

Papers were found upon the prisoner Lennon, which, it is said, expose the whole plan of the Fenian leaders for future operations in Ireland.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.—Prussia has joined France and Austria in their note to the Government of Servia, censuring its hostile preparations.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Government is preparing to reduce the size and expenses of its army.

THE FAMINE IN FINLAND.—Very sad accounts are received of the famine in Finland. The peasants in that country are reduced to such extremities that they think themselves happy if they can procure loaves composed, in equal portions, of sawdust, moss and a coarse rye flour. Many have obtained permission from the Government to emigrate.

HAVANA.—The despatches from Havana again report that an outbreak among the negroes is feared. There is also great discontent among the whites on account of the imposition of exorbitant taxes, in consequence of which the small farmers are in some places abandoning the cultivation of their fields, and the educational establishments are being closed.

A Wife Sells her Husband.

The Canton (Ill.) Register tells a queer story:—

A few days since, a woman, named Mrs. Rosella Mills, a war-widow, called upon Justice Chesk, and obtained a warrant for the arrest of John Matheny and his wife, who were living near Cuba, in that county. She alleged that they had forcibly taken from her three hundred and ninety dollars in money, and other property to the value of seventy-five dollars. Upon being questioned closely in regard to the way and manner of the theft, there appeared to be a very curious history about the affair. Sheriff Waggoner made the arrest of Matheny and wife, and they were brought to this city on Wednesday. All the parties, including Mrs. Mills, seemed to manifest an earnest desire to have the matter settled. Matheny admitted that he owed Mrs. Mills one hundred dollars borrowed money, but he denied stoutly the robbery. He said that there was some arrangement between Mrs. Mills and his wife, involving the balance of the money. The parties went before an attorney to see if the matter could not be amicably arranged, and the following developments were made:

It appears that Mrs. Mills was living or boarding with Matheny and his wife, and Mrs. Matheny became jealous of her. There was trouble in the domestic circle. Mrs. Mills admitted that she loved Matheny, and she meant to have him. Mrs. Matheny then thought that if Mrs. Mills was going to run off with her husband, she ought to be paid for it. Mrs. Mills readily agreed to this, and paid Mrs. Matheny one hundred and twenty dollars. An arrangement was then made and consented to for Mrs. Mills and Matheny to go back to her old home, somewhere in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Mills was to go to Elmwood, and remain there until Matheny could complete arrangements for his departure. She went to Elmwood and remained the allotted time, but Matheny not making his appearance, she concluded she had been swindled, and so made her way back to this place, and entered complaint as above stated. At first Mrs. Mills did not want to see Matheny, but wanted the attorney to settle the matter with Matheny and his wife. Matheny said he would not settle with the attorney, but he would settle with Mrs. Mills. They were permitted to occupy the private room of the attorney, and in a few minutes they had arranged matters. The attorney asked them the terms of their settlement, but they said that was their own affair. All three—Matheny, his wife, and Mrs. Mills—then had a conference; all appeared satisfied with the arrangement, whatever it was. They promptly settled all costs in the matter, and Mrs. Matheny remarked in the settlement, "Roselln gets the man." At the close of these proceedings, a litle son of Mrs. Matheny, some four or five years of age, just began to comprehend that he was about to lose his father, and commenced crying. These were the only tears shed on the occasion. Mrs. Matheny took her little child by the hand, and they went one way, and Matheny and Mrs. Mills started together in another direction.

☞ Justice and generosity, rightly blended, constitute a dignified character; but, certainly, so far as a person is more just than generous, or more generous than just, that character is defective.

☞ The English ritualists have introduced the "wafer" in the sacrament.

☞ In the Southern states, the total registration of voters numbers 631,791 whites and 697,950 blacks. In 1860, there were in these states 668,864 votes cast at the Presidential election.

☞ The people of St. Thomas and St. Johns have voted almost unanimously for annexation to the United States—1,244 in favor to 22 against.

☞ The queen of the skaters this year, in Paris, will be a certain Madam R——, who purchased, at the Exposition Universelle, a magnificent Polish costume, which cost two thousand francs, and is made of black velvet, lined with violet satin, and trimmed with chinchilla; the pantaloon descending to the ankle is also trimmed with chinchilla.

☞ A Christmas belle—Miss L. Toe.

☞ Rev. Dr. Bellows says marriages between Jews and Christians are becoming common; Jewish women like Christian husbands, and Christian husbands like Jewish dowries and Jewish beauty and brightness.

☞ Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, it is said, has received $15,000 from the sale of her husband's Life.

☞ An organization, styled the "Brotherhood of the Black Crook," has been discovered in Norwich, Connecticut. Its practices were very adverse to steady habits.

☞ The Supreme Court (Judge Cardoza) has granted a divorce to Belle Boyd Harding. The lady brought the action some time since, and the complaint was served upon the defendant personally, but he subsequently went to California, where he now resides. The case was sent to a referee, who decided in plaintiff's favor, and this decision is confirmed by the Court.

☞ Make a plain statement of facts to twenty people, and nineteen of them will immediately ask some irrelevant question about the matter.

☞ Josh Billings says he don't care how much a man talks if he'll only say it in a few words.

SKATING GLEE.

When winter comes and freezes o'er
Our crystal lakes from shore to shore,
We vote the ingleside a bore,
  And all go out a skating:
And then we have such jolly fun,
And such fantastic tricks are done
Upon the ice, that every one
Thinks nothing like it 'neath the sun.
  Frosty whiskers, icy nose,
  Chattering teeth, and frozen toes,
  All for pleasure, so it goes,
  When we go out a skating,
  When we go out a skating, O!

And when the biting northern wind
Its way to muffled ears will find,
We don't a continental mind,
  But all go out a skating;
And, mayhap, if the ice be all
Aglare, and bumps of caution small,
A gent may cut an awkward sprawl,
Or lady lose her waterfall.

And if perchance the ice is thin,
Some reckless chap will tumble in,
And there arises quite a din,
  When we go out a skating;
The ladies scream and faint with fright,
And comrades work with all their might
To save their chum from drowning quite,
While urchins laugh to see the plight.
  Frosty whiskers, icy nose,
  Chattering teeth, and frozen toes,
  All for pleasure, so it goes,
  When we go out a skating,
  When we go out a skating, O!

Plump Ladies.

Paris having been much excited during the past winter over an enormously fat beauty, who died just as she had become well known and attained 500 pounds, a writer in the *Petit Journal* observed with astonishment that he had never once met her during his walks. On second thought he remarks:

"But it is probable that a lady who weighed 500 pounds did not walk much in the public streets."

A fancy for fat women is indicative of increased devotion to the sex in a community. The Greeks had a special word to designate a man who loved "plumptitude." The most luxurious races in the world have always manifested a *penchant* for solid loveliness, especially when combined with fair complexion and small hands and feet. But by a singular law of nature it happens that naturally fat people almost always have small hands and feet.

Elizabeth Veronica, the fat lady who died in December, was in 1848 very beautiful. At that time she begged of Government to be allowed to represent Liberty in a great procession.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar3-eowtf

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Scrofula was considered *incurable* until the great discovery of Holloway's Pills and Ointment flashed upon the world. Diseases which baffle the skill of the medical schools, readily yield to these peerless remedies. Scurvy, Erysipelas, Saltrheum, Itch, and all cutaneous eruptions are curable by them.

THE debilitating influences of a deranged nervous system, caused by the weakened state of the *nerve fluid*, are set aside by the agency of DR. TURNER'S TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL. Consequently Neuralgia, Nerve-ache and all similar nervous diseases are *permanently* cured by this invaluable medicine. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package: by mail, two postage stamps extra.
Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

TAKE AYER'S PILLS for all the purposes of a purgative, for Constipation, Indigestion, Headache and Liver Complaint. By universal accord, they are the best of all purgatives for family use. jan25-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. William Cooper, D. D., JOHN H. ARMSTRONG to MARY HARNER, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, CHARLES DUGAN, Esq., to Miss SALLIE A. WARNER, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Wm. O. Johnstone, Mr. ANDREW STEVENSON, of New York, to Miss ELIZABETH GALBRAITH, of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. HENRY C. LITZENBERG to Miss KATE E. BUTLER, both of Athensville, Montgomery county.

On the 31st of Dec., by the Rev. Wm. H. Sisty, Mr. BENJAMIN DAVIS to Miss EMMA HOOPER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM Z. MATHEWS, in his 62d year.

On the 12th instant, Miss AMELIA WETSELL, in her 20th year.

On the 12th instant, Miss MARY FREDERICKS, in her 50th year.

On the 11th instant, ELEANOR C., wife of Joseph Allen, in her 60th year.

On the 13th instant, JOHN W. OWENS, in his 28th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. ELLEN DOUGLASS, in her 28th year.

On the 10th instant, PETER T. WILLIAMS, in his 26th year.

On the 9th instant, LOUISE C., eldest daughter of Louis A. Godey.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS*, &c., &c.

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, **$4**; Four copies, **$8**; Five (and one gratis) **$8**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12**; Twenty (and one gratis) **$28.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.**

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

An Adroit Swordsman.

Pulaski, as it is well known, was as adroit a swordsman as he was perfect in horsemanship, and he ever rode a powerful and fleet charger. During the retreat of the American army through New Jersey, in the darkest hour of our national adversity, Pulaski was, with a small party of horsemen, pursued by a large body of British cavalry, the leader of which was a good horseman, and mounted nearly as well as Pulaski. Pulaski rode in the rear of his detachment, and the British captain in front of those he commanded.

The morning sun was shining brightly, casting oblique shadows, and as the pursued party entered a long, narrow lane, Pulaski, having satisfied himself of the superior speed and command of his horse over that of his pursuer, slackened his pace and kept his horse to the side of the lane furthest from the sun. The pursuing officer came up in hot haste, his sword elevated so as to make the decisive cut upon Pulaski as soon as he could reach him. Pulaski rode as though he heard not the advance upon him—yet he kept his eyes fixed warily upon the ground on the side of his horse toward the sun on the right. As soon as he saw the shadow of his pursuer's horse gain upon him, and that the horse's head, by his shadow, had gained about half the length of his own horse's body, he gave the sudden sword-cut of St. George with his powerful arm, and saw the decapitated head of the English officer follow the stroke.

His mathematical eye had measured the distance by the position of the shadow so accurately, and his position giving a long back reach to his right arm, while the cross stroke of his pursuer must have been made at a much shorter distance to have taken effect—that the pursuing officer lost his head before he suspected that his proximity was known, or that a blow was meditated.

☞ A man, who stutters some, thus essayed recently to compliment Anna Dickinson. Meeting a friend, he said: "I rode o-o-ver to P—— last night, to hear Miss D-d-dickinson. She is a wo-wo-wonderful woman. It was so s-s-still while she sp-spapoke, *you could have p-p-picked up a pin!*"

THE VICTIM.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

I.

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;
So thick they died the people cried
"The gods are moved against the land."
The priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand.
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer,)
We give you his life."

II.

But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whitened all the rolling flood:
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame;
And ever and aye the Priesthood moaned,
Till at last it seemed that an answer came:
"The King is happy
In child and wife;
Take you his nearest,
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life."

III.

The Priest went out by path and hill,
The King was hunting in the wild:
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old.
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the Priest.
The Priest exulted,
And cried with joy,
"Here is his nearest,
Here is his dearest,
We take the boy."

IV.

The King returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said, "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life;
Is *he* your nearest?
Is *he* your dearest?
(Answer, O answer,)
Or I, the wife?"

V.

The King bent low with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee;
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won.
"We have his nearest,
We have his dearest,
His only son!"

VI.

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, me, not him, my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake the wife,
And shrieking "*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rushed on the knife.
And the Priest was happy;
"Oh, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Which was his dearest?
The gods have answered:
We give thee his wife!"

THE THREE WIDOWS

"Very sad! very sad, indeed!" said Mr. Emanuel Dovedale; "why was I not applied to sooner?" and giving orders for his long gaiters and water-proof coat, he told his housekeeper that he must have an early dinner, for he had a very long walk before him that afternoon.

"Will you not have a conveyance of some kind, sir? It never suited you to walk directly after eating."

"No, thank you, Sarah; I cannot very very well drive to-day. It won't hurt me for once," he said, looking away from her, for he hoped she would take the hint and go, as he did not wish to pursue the subject any farther.

Sarah understood, and went, but came back again, saying, "I was going to bake the pigeon-pie to-day."

"Yes, very good; it will do nicely," said Mr. Dovedale; with indiscreet briskness, adding, "it will be just the kind of dinner to fortify me for my walk."

"But the oven," said Sarah, seizing the cue thus imprudently given; "I can't get that oven hot enough to bake that pie by half-past two; it's impossible."

Mr. Dovedale glanced at the time, and gave a shrewd guess at what made it impossible, but only replied—

"Well, what you *can* get ready *do*, for I must not wait beyond half-past two, even for a pigeon-pie."

Sarah slowly, reluctantly retreated. Her master did not consider himself quite safe till a minute or two had elapsed, and then he unfolded his newspaper and said, with a smile, "I shall have the pigeon-pie!"

And so he had; for, having punished him for changing the hour, and exposing himself to the danger of indigestion by the threat, the housekeeper took the oven in hand, and soon convinced it that the pie *must* be baked.

An hour after it had been served up, Mr. Dovedale was walking with a firm, quick step, stick in hand, gaitered and waterproofed, along the streets of London. As his errand was a charitable one, and his own means were appropriated almost to the extent of his power before the year began (that is, he planned out all he could spare for the year in January into certain channels, leaving little for chance charities,) he determined, for the purpose of increasing his funds, to call on a few friends in his way to the house of sorrow whither he had been invited.

"Thirty-two! yes, thirty-two," he said, knocking at the door of a handsome house. "Is Mrs. Wickwork at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the footman, and led the way to the receiving-room.

By the side of a brilliant fire, surrounded by bright steel in every direction, on the surface of which its reflections danced, sat a lady past the middle age, but not much. She wore a widow's dress. She was pale and serious-looking. She had a book in her hand. Her chair was softly cushioned, and on the rich rug and embroidered stool supported her feet.

"Ah! Mr. Dovedale! this is indeed kind. It is a treat I didn't expect," she exclaimed, half rising as her visitor entered the room.

"I am afraid it is a long time since I was here," he said: "but you are rather out of my beat. I'm glad to see you looking pretty well. Your room is a vast improvement on out-of-doors: such a fog—you can *cut* it, my housekeeper says; it is a real wet blanket in your face—chills you, chokes you, and smothers you all at the same time."

Mrs. Wickwork languidly smiled, and shook her head, and sighed. "I'm sure I don't know what should make me look well," she said; "I have suffered much since I saw you."

"Indeed! Anything—?" *fresh*, Mr. Dovedale would have said, but he didn't like to do it except by shooting up his eyebrows in an inquiring manner.

"What new sorrow do I want?" asked the lady, the tears slowly filling her eyes; "it is just six months to-day since—"

Mr. Dovedale saw the white handkerchief on its way to her face. He heartily wished he had known the day of Mr. Wickwork's demise, and had called the next day, or day after; however, he kept silent until he thought she was calm, and then said gently, "There are privileges attached to sorrow, and when the severity of the blow is past we are able to consider them, to—" *enjoy* them, he would have said, but the word sounded harsh in the presence of a widow's tears, and as he couldn't think of a better, he subsided into a close.

"The severity of an affliction like mine cannot pass. I can never suffer less," said Mrs. Wickwork.

Mr. Dovedale was very sorry, and he said so. He said more: he added, that if the suffering did not grow less the consolation might increase, which would, of course, effectually diminish its amount.

"What consolation?" asked the lady; "here I am *alone*, without an object in life I had almost said—no heart to repose on, no hand to lean on!"

Mr. Dovedale almost fancied that she must have found *so poetical a description of* her woe in the book she had been reading. His heart grew colder and colder towards her. He said, in a tone getting quite out of the minor key in which sympathy is usually expressed, "I am surprised, my good friend, to hear you ask such a question. There are *certain* and *great* consolations in Christianity, and I always considered you as a professor of it."

"Oh, if it were not for that I could not bear up as I do," said the lady.

"But, having that, you will surely learn to bear up better. Remember, my friend, how many are suffering under a similar bereavement, with the additional distress of poverty to embitter it. Now here are you surrounded with ease, and comfort, and even luxury: yes, luxury," he added, as he glanced round the room. "You are without a single care beyond that of your own personal health and enjoyment."

"Ah! there it is! You have touched the secret spring of my deepest grief," exclaimed Mrs. Wickwork; and to her companion's dismay up went the pocket-handkerchief again. If he had but known where that spring had lain, he would never have touched it.

"You may suppose what a treasure my Lavinia would have been if she had remained to cheer me."

"Ah, well, you know her marriage was considered a happy one, and her going to India with her husband was to be expected. Have you heard lately?" said Mr. Dovedale, hoping to turn the conversation into a more cheerful channel.

"No; and what has detained the mails so long I cannot think—some accident perhaps; once, you know, all the letters were lost; and really to be kept in the agonies of suspense continually is very trying."

"Very, but Colonel Wood will have his furlough soon, won't he? and then you will have them home, that will be very cheering."

"Very, when they come on account of his health; it is most precarious; perhaps he will have to throw up his appointment, I shouldn't wonder."

It was like walking blindfold over red-hot ploughshares; Mr. Dovedale didn't know where to set his foot; he determined to "touch no more springs;" so suddenly looking down on the rug, he declared it was the softest, richest, warmest-looking thing of the kind he had ever seen.

Mrs. Wickwork replied that she had been disappointed in the wearing of it; it easily soiled, and the pile was not sufficiently elastic.

"How well it matches the carpet!" said Mr. Dovedale.

"You surprise me," said the lady; "there is no orange in the carpet, and it is the prevailing color in the rug. I did not choose it—I trusted to others."

"Well, you've got contrast at least," said Mr. Dovedale, rising. "I must go. I am going to see a poor lady who is in very straitened circumstances, and very delicate health—a widow with a large family to provide for."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Wickwork, shaking her head.

"I am not able to do much for her myself," he continued.

"I'm sure you will do all you can; but one cannot, really, help everybody as one would wish to do," said the lady, her voice growing stronger, and her looks more alive.

"No, one cannot; but a *poor sickly widow*, with six orphans to maintain," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Shocking, indeed; but there are so many public charities. I subscribe to one or two."

Mr. Dovedale felt sure it was to *one*.

"I shall see about them," he replied; "but in the meantime she wants immediate personal help. I want to collect a little for her"—he uttered the last words with some hesitation.

Mrs. Wickwork's face fell back in its usual hard lines, out of which sorrow had drawn it, she took out her purse, and produced half-a-crown.

"I don't generally give to chance applications," she said, "one gets so imposed upon; and really there is a tax of some kind for ever coming. But I know I can depend on you."

Mr. Dovedale had a great mind to push the half-crown back; she looked so cross and unfeignedly grieved to part with it. But he thought better of it.

"This is sweet, surely," he said, taking it up, "to be able to visit or help the fatherless and widow in their affliction; to hold the purse of God's providence, and be the happy hand to dispense His bounty."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Wickwork, screwing up her mouth and putting her purse back into her pocket.

"What a miserable woman she is!" he exclaimed, as he paced on briskly through the fog; "how shall I find poor Mrs. Mayblossom?" and his kind heart was pained as he contemplated his visit to the house of mourning, which was to be the end of his labors.

"Well, well; it's of no use to be sentimental about it," he said; "genuine feeling makes us forget ourselves, and weep with those who weep; and, after all, I may find it less trying to see *her* real sorrow, to which I may administer consolation, than the selfish whining of that—dear, dear; what an uncharitable spirit I am getting into! Let me see, down Woburn Place. Yes; that is it. Turn to the left; here we are." And he was about to knock at another door when it opened, and a lady attired for walking appeared at it, and exclaimed, gayly—

"Mr. Dovedale! who would have thought of seeing you on such a day? I wonder Sarah allowed you to come through this fog."

Mr. Dovedale laughed, and said he didn't let a trifle turn him from his purpose; "but," he added, "you are going out. I won't detain you. I have more calls to make. I will come to you another day." Mrs. Innes wouldn't hear of it; she was quite glad he had nipped in the bud her intention of braving the fog; and, drawing him in with friendly force by the hand he had offered in farewell, she closed the door, and led the way to a snug and comfortable room, where they were soon seated by a good fire.

"Now I am very much obliged to you for this visit," said the lady, throwing off her cloak; "it has kept me from venturing out, and saved me, perhaps, from rheumatism and toothache; for I am sure the wind is in the east."

Mr. Dovedale was glad he had been so serviceable, and proceeded to make inquiries after the family of his hostess.

"You have not heard of Charles's appointment, perhaps?" she said, among other things. No, he had not. "A capital appointment—entirely through Sir Rodney. He kept his word at last, I am glad to say."

"He has been a great friend to you," returned Mr. Dovedale.

"Yes, yes, he *has*," said Mrs. Innes, with hesitation; "but not more than we had a right to expect, you know. He is related to us; poor Captain Innes was his second cousin."

"Second cousins have sometimes short memories on the score of relationship—when the claim of kin is not convenient, I mean," replied Mr. Dovedale, smiling.

"Very true; and I have had to keep Sir Rodney up to the mark, I assure you, or we should not have got this; between you and me, as it is, he might have done better for us. It would have been a hundred a year more in Charles's way if he had got what we first applied for—and he ought to have got it for him; however, we must be content, and £400 a year will do for the present."

"Will *do*," thought Mr. Dovedale; but he didn't remark further on it. "How is Cecilia?" he inquired.

"Very well. She was here last week. We see her continually," said Mrs. Innes.

"Your sister and you are equally advantaged by her kind arrangement," remarked Mr. Dovedale.

Mrs. Innes laughed, and shook her head with that peculiar look which says, "You think so? I know what I know." Finding her companion silent, she put the expression into words, saying,

"My sister-in-law never did anything without a full recompense, Mr. Dovedale—this is between you and me. She is my husband's sister, and passes in the world for 'very kind,' and all that, but I know her, and so do you, don't you now?"

This was asked with a frank sort of gayety that made her companion smile. He answered that he had always thought Mrs. Hodson a very generous-hearted woman.

"Yes, that is her public character; but now just consider, what generosity is there in giving what she can't keep? and giving it to her own brother's child?"

Mr. Dovedale suggested that she had other relatives, and might have chosen among them.

"Yes, but think of my claim as a *widow*, and the others are all well off."

Mr. Dovedale stared at this remark.

"Oh, I know what you mean—so am *I* well off. Well, of course, poor Captain Innes took care of me, and I am not in want of anything; yet for all that, there are many ways in which my sister Hodson might show her generosity to me. It is true she has promised to leave all to Cecila when she dies, and cannot keep it any longer herself; but, in return for that, what does she do? Why, takes her away from me continually; expects, in fact, to have the best half of her company."

"But you said she was *here* continually," remarked Mr. Dovedale.

"Well—yes, certainly she comes if I send for her, and frequently without; but that is not a pleasant state of things for a mother to have to *ask* for her child. If Mrs. Hodson did the right thing, she would—; but it's of no use complaining. I speak openly to you as an old friend; it is a bitter pill, but, being gilded, I submit to swallow it with a good grace."

As Mrs. Innes closed her remark a look of self-complacency overspread her face, and she challenged Mr. Dovedale's applause with her eyes, but he didn't quite see his way to admiration, so he inquired after little Fred, and hoped he was getting on at the preparatory military school.

"I took him away—I was obliged," said Mrs. Innes.

Mr. Dovedale looked surprised.

"I believe I was wrong, but the discipline was so severe he couldn't bear it, poor little fellow, and being the youngest he was always my pet. I found it so very hard to part with him, and his health would have suffered if he had remained. I complained, and applied for relaxation of rules for him, through Colonel Brotherton, who was so intimate, you know, with Captain Innes, but I got no redress. I fancy the Colonel wasn't hearty about it, so I took him away: it is a great anxiety to me, and I don't know what I shall do with him, but—"

A loud noise interrupted her, and a boy of about thirteen, rushed into the room, not knowing that any but his mother was there.

"Fred! Mr. Dovedale—speak to Mr. Dovedale," said Mrs. Innes, feeling awkwardly sensible that her visitor would not see much delicacy in Fred's appearance.

The boy gave a hasty recognition of Mr. Dovedale, and then made some urgent application to his mother in a whisper.

"No, really, Fred;" and "Indeed I can't allow it;" and finally, "Well, remember this is the *last!*" were uttered by Mrs. Innes from time to time, as he still more and more urgently pleaded, and at the close she took out her purse, and put some money in his hand, kissing his cheek, and conjuring him not to hurt himself.

Her eyes followed him out of the room, and she said, with a mother's fondness,

"He grows so fast, and he is flushed to-day; don't you think he gets like his poor father?"

Mr. Dovedale didn't see the likeness, but thought it was probably his own fault, especially as she said,

"Everybody sees it. He is going to have fireworks in the court with some of his old schoolfellows. I assure you he makes great demands on my purse. I tell him I cannot stand it; but boys will be boys."

"He looks as if he could stand a little discipline," remarked Mr. Dovedale, gently.

"Yes, his health has greatly improved since he left that school. I must speak to Sir Rodney about him," said Mrs. Innes, with a sigh.

"Will he do anything for you?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"Will he? He cannot help it; something must be done, and he can do it best."

Mr. Dovedale thought it was a happy thing to be able to wind up necessities in so satisfactory a style, and having no more time to spend, arose to take his leave.

"I am on my way to see a person whom you once knew, I think," he said; and added, "poor Mrs. Mayblossom—don't you remember her husband, Captain Mayblossom? He was disabled early in his career in India, and died at last from the effects of a sabre wound, a lingering illness of many years, closed by death in very painful circumstances. I didn't hear till this morning that his widow is in most distressing poverty, with six children, and in very delicate health."

"I remember the name," said Mrs. Innes, coldly, "but he had his half-pay, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course."

"And she has a pension?"

"Yes, but *that*, with six children!" said Mr. Dovedale.

"Ah, indeed! I'm thankful I have but three," said Mrs. Innes, with satisfaction.

"And bad health," continued her companion.

"Dreadful *that*. I don't know what illness is, never suffered from anything but rheumatism and toothache, and I manage to keep out of them pretty well."

"I thought of raising a little subscription for her, quite privately. I mentioned her name to you because you knew her," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Years ago," said Mrs. Innes, hastily; "we were never very intimate; she was rather of a melancholy turn, and I was always the reverse, you know."

Mr. Dovedale stood silent for a moment to give Mrs. Innes time to tender her offering. Perhaps her son's fireworks had cost too much; she did not produce her purse, but said,

"You are going to see her, you say?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Well, perhaps you will let me know if there is anything I can do. Of course, being a widow myself, I am obliged to think of my own wants and my family; still, if—"

"Thank you, thank you," said Mr. Dovedale, as hastily as she had before replied to him; "perhaps I may find things better than I expect."

"Very likely; these things get so exaggerated, and, really, it isn't everybody that takes matters so quietly as I do."

"Now isn't *it* monstrous?" thought Mr. Dovedale, as he wended his way to the last of the three widows; "*she* that has all things abounding, and every possible help—that she should talk of taking matters quietly; she is worse than Mrs. Wickwork, and that is saying a good deal."

He had a long way to walk before he arrived at the humble lodging occupied by Mrs. Mayblossom.

"Yes; I dare say she is melancholy now, she has enough to make her," he thought; "and if, as Mrs. Innes says, she was so in her prosperous days, what am I to expect to see in this hour of trying adversity?"

He did not regret his purpose of visiting her, but he felt that he should be very glad when it was over. He was fairly tired when he knocked for admittance. A pretty boy, in black, opened the door, and answered his inquiries with great politeness. The room he was ushered into was very small, and the table was covered with needlework and books. The widow and her three daughters and one of her sons were all seated, busily engaged.

Mr. Dovedale hardly knew where to go, or to put his hat, but with wonderful celerity

the coast cleared, the pretty boy took his hat from him with a respectful courteous air, and a third time he found himself seated by a fireside.

There was no soft rug with disobedient pile, no shining steel for the fire to dance in; indeed, the fire seemed more inclined to go to sleep than to dance; but the grate was clean, and if it had not been such a cold, dark day, it would have looked cheerful enough.

Mrs. Mayblossom apologized with easy grace for the full occupation of the room. "We have visitors so seldom," she said, "that we are not prepared for them; indeed, we could not very well be so. We are a large party with little space." As she spoke the work was gathered into a large basket of an ornamental kind, and the books were put into their places on the stand, and everything looked right and orderly.

Mr. Dovedale couldn't open his mission before the young people. He introduced himself as having been a little acquainted with the late Captain Mayblossom, whose name he hardly liked to pronounce, since the widow's weeds had only just been assumed.

Mrs. Mayblossom fixed her eyes on him as he spoke, and said with calm tenderness,

"You knew him? then you loved him; everybody who knew him loved him."

Mr. Dovedale felt relieved by her quietude, and answered that his knowledge had been very slight; he added, with embarrassment, that he had heard some particulars of his long illness and death that morning, and had called to make a few inquiries about it. As he spoke he glanced significantly at the young people, who, without a word from their mother, took the hint and left the room one by one till he was alone with the widow.

"You wished to hear of my beloved husband's death," she said, when they had closed the door. "I cannot describe to you the peace and joy of his last moments—his last moments, of the *whole* of his illness—but the last was the seal of the whole; not a doubt, not a care, not a fear."

Mrs. Mayblossom spoke with animation; her face, very pale before, glowed, and her eyes brightened—there was an expression of happiness in her countenance that almost seemed like a smile. Mr. Dovedale was very much struck. He expressed his satisfaction that such was the case, and hoped he was not intruding on her grief, so very recent, assuring her he came from no motive of idle curiosity, but simply to know the truth and to act upon it. Mrs. Mayblossom replied that it was not really recent; she had been looking for his loss too long to feel it a shock, "and seeing him after so long a trial of suffering sink peacefully into rest—real rest in the arms of his Saviour—was more than payment for all."

"But your loss is great," said Mr. Dovedale.

"Loss! it is beyond loss," she said, with some emotion. "I have parted with *myself*, and yet we were so completely one that I cannot feel separated. I cannot bring him down here (nor would I,) but I can follow him in the contemplation of that Saviour whose love he rested in; I am again with him; his memory is identified with my hopes of rest and happiness."

"This *is* a widow," thought Mr. Dovedale.

Mrs. Mayblossom now entered into some details descriptive of her husband's faith, and illustrative of the good hand of God on him and on her—showing how they were helped, how they were cheered, supported, taught—in short, how that dark season had been continually brightened by heavenly light.

Mr. Dovedale listened with deep interest; she did not cease till she was wearied with talking; then her cheek grew pale and languid, but there was the same serenity in her face.

"We certainly ought to exercise more faith," he said; "but had he *no* drawback with respect to your ability to provide for your family?"

"He thought gravely, but not sorrowfully for it; he committed us to our covenant God, who has told us to cast all burthens on Him."

"Yes, but you see, my dear friend, there are certain matters of fact that must be attended to; God does not work miracles."

"Pardon me, He does!" said the widow, smiling; "I see it daily."

Mr. Dovedale smiled too, for he knew what she meant.

"I could tell you of innumerable mercies, every one a miracle, that have been showered down on me since I have been in need. The Lord has graciously led me, I may say, by sight, not by faith, for I do so plainly see His hand in all, that to fear for anything would be foolishly perverse. No, no, I *know* His love; He will provide—He does—He will to the end!"

There was no excitement in Mrs. Mayblossom's manner, but a quiet firmness which gave an air of reality to what she said.

"That is a fine youth that opened the door; is he—have you settled anything for him?" Mr. Dovedale inquired, after a pause.

"Alick," replied the widow, with a sweet smile, "he is a comfort to me beyond description. He is very desirous of entering the army. As yet he is too young to take any active step. We shall see. I am teaching him all I can with his sisters, and when Parker, my eldest boy is at home, he helps him."

"What are you doing with him?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"Nothing," said the widow, smiling; "that is one of my miracles. His uncle has taken upon himself his whole education for the army—very kind of him—but, indeed, all Captain Mayblossom's friends have shown sympathy, according to what they saw right and just, towards their own families. I was a poor orphan without a relative on whom I had any claim."

"And your daughters?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"Marion, the eldest, is going as nursery governess to her aunt. She is superior to the situation, but I consider it a great blessing for her to go among very young children, whom she will find less difficulty in training in the right way—a way in which she has consistently walked for three years past." The same sweet smile came over Mrs. Mayblossom's face as she spoke.

"And the others?" asked Mr. Dovedale.

"The others will remain with me till the hand of God moves them. I can bring them on in all that I know myself. I am not anxious about that."

"But your health?" said Mr. Dovedale, looking as he spoke on her bending figure and thin, pale face.

"I am stronger than I seem—not very strong—but since I have had more to do I think my health is better. I am not at all afraid. 'As my day my strength will be.'"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Dovedale, glancing round the little room, "your circumstances must be rather straitened."

"Oh yes, very poor," said the widow, "but I consider that I am like people who have money in the bank, and never keep much in the house: when they want it, they go to the bank and get it. Don't misunderstand me," she added quickly, noticing Mr. Dovedale's look of surprise; "I don't believe the Lord will supply my fancied wants, only my real ones. I have a settled income, slender indeed, but sufficient unless any extraordinary call should arise; and for any such real call I know He will provide."

"Is there any such pressing on you now?" asked Mr. Dovedale, gently. "You may feel sure I have but one object in asking."

Mrs. Mayblossom looked at him a moment; her eye brightened. She went to her desk on the table, and took out a long blue paper, which to any practised eye would have declared itself a bill. "This came in a week ago," she said. "I had no knowledge of the debt, my dear husband must have forgotten it. The death of the man has obliged his widow to call in all her money. I have pleaded for time, that I might be able by self-denial to save the money, unless help to pay the demand came."

"You may plead the Statute of Limitations," said Mr. Dovedale, looking at the bill, which was for part of an outfit, and came to £19 17s. 6d.

"It is a heavy sum," exclaimed Mrs. Mayblossom; "but the debt is a just one, no doubt. Oh no, I shall be able to pay it in time; but this is just such a call as I alluded to."

Mr. Dovedale asked for pen and ink, and wrote a cheque for twenty pounds, which he handed to her, saying, "Now you will call this a miracle."

"Assuredly," said the widow, the tears rising to her eyes. "May He who sent you on this errand pay his messenger! *He will.*"

Mr. Dovedale felt that he had been amply paid by the lesson he had been taught. As he put his hand into his pocket for his gloves, he felt Mrs. Wickworth's half-crown. "Poor creature!" he inwardly ejaculated.

"So," he thought, as he walked home, "money, connections, comforts, what are they all to faith, living, practical faith? Those two widows are depending on mere *streams:* this one is at the fountain head. They may be disappointed at the drying up of their resources any moment—*she*, never."

Sarah was puzzled that evening by the abstraction of his manner, and she thought, as he read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, which he chose at prayer time, that he seemed to be reading it more to himself than to her, for he stopped continually as if reflecting on it; and so he was, for a new light had fallen on the page, the light of example, and he also remembered the words, "according to your faith be it unto you."

KISSING HER HAIR.

BY CHARLES ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

Kissing her hair, I sat against her feet:
Wove and unwove it—wound, and found it sweet:
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her eyes,
Deep as deep flowers, and dreamy like dim skies;
With her own tresses bound, and found her fair—
Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me—
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;
What pain could get between my face and hers?
What new sweet thing would Love not relish worse?
Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there—
Kissing her hair.

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &c.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TETE-A-TETE.

Before Androclus had finished his sitting, there came to him a message, delivered through the keyhole—for Woody valued his personal safety too highly to venture bodily into the sanctuary—which astonished that classic character almost as much as the magnanimity of the lion had surprised his prototype.

"Ma sends her compliments to Mr. Blake, and would he be so kind as to stay for a family dinner?"

"*What!*" screamed Claude, rushing to the door, and dragging his offspring in by the collar before he could make his escape. "How *dare* you play such tricks upon my friends? I'll teach you to make a gentleman an April fool a week after date. Say it again, sir, and I'll shake your head off."

With this incentive to iteration before his eyes, it was not likely that Master Woodford would repeat his invitation in so many words.

"You needn't believe it," whined he in an abject tone: "it's nothing to me whether the gentleman stops or not. But that's what ma told me to say; and I saw her going to the cupboard for plums to put in the suet-pudding, and turning up the bottle of whiskey, to see whether there was enough for two; and she said there was, if you would only take as much as was good for you."

Here Valentine Blake, hastened to interfere, lest condign punishment should be inflicted upon the artless youth, and bade him convey his respectful compliments to his mother, and the assurance that he would very gladly stay to dinner; a message, by-the-by, which was delivered in the following fashion: "All right, ma. I told you so; the model jumped at it."

But Mr. Murphy had entertained no idea of chastising his son. Once assured of the reality of the invitation from his wife, Claude had no thought for anything but that stupendous fact. "Blake," gasped he, as soon as they were left alone, "you're a good-looking fellow, but I could not have believed that Apollo himself would have achieved such a conquest. The wife of Socrates should be above suspicion, but it is clear that Selina is enamored of you. Don't consider the philosopher, I beg; perhaps you may be even able to do him a good turn, by putting in a word about a latch-key. Dinner! why, nobody has been asked to dine here since my bachelor-days. Shade of Epicurus, there will be pickled onions with the cold beef! But Blake, Blake!"—here Mr. Murphy's voice sank to quite sepulchral tones—"beware of the wine called Port, which will be set upon the table after dinner. If it is a fresh bottle, it will be of that vintage imported from Afric's sunny strand at four-and-twenty shillings, bottles included; if it is a half-bottle, I *know* of an earwig that met his death in *that* at least three weeks ago. As for the whiskey, however, there is plenty of it down here, which Selina knows nothing about. See"—Mr. Murphy disclosed a cupboard furnished with a false front of palettes and small pictures, behind which reposed several samples of Kinahan—"see how the wind (and likewise the cold water) is tempered to the shorn lamb!"

But Mr. Murphy was not destined to enjoy the evening with his new friend in the convivial manner he had reckoned upon. The dinner, however, which, to Mr. Blake, who had been accustomed to campaigning, seemed a very tolerable repast, went off with complete success, except for a perilous jest of Claude's, who, when the cold beef appeared, observed to his guest:

"There are just a pair of canvas-backed ducks, and you see your dinner."

"There are nothing of the sort," broke in Mrs. Murphy indignantly.

"It's a matter of opinion, my dear," returned the painter airily. "I was referring to my little pictures of *L'Allegro* and *Penseroso* on the wall yonder; very pretty girls, and generally accounted to be a pair of canvas-backed—"

"A *little* decorum, if you please, Mr. Murphy," broke in Selina.—"Allow me to recommend you," Mr. Blake—since my husband forgets everything except his ill-timed jokes—to try a little of that Port wine. I should apologise for its having been opened, but you will find it none the worse for that; it is a wine that has got a great deal of body in it."

"It *had*, until she fished it out with her knitting needles," murmured the incorrigible Claude.

But quite as much to the surprise of his host as of his hostess, Valentine Blake replied with thanks that he took neither wine nor spirits—a circumstance in itself peculiar, but the result of which was absolutely unprecedented—for when Mrs. Murphy rose to depart, and Claude, with energetic politeness, sprang to the door to let her out, she expressed herself as follows:

"Since you do not indulge in fermented liquors, Mr. Blake, and my husband is never content without his glass of spirits and water after dinner, this seems as good an opportunity as any for our having a little private talk together upon a matter which affects our common interests. I daresay you would not object to give me half-an-hour of your society in the drawing-room."

Mr. Blake bowed profoundly. Claude Murphy's bright, brown eyes opened to their fullest extent, and his lips emitted a long, low whistle. Master Woodford, who was wallowing in the dessert, hastily wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and prepared to migrate to the drawing-room, for secrets were even dearer to him than preserved ginger.

"No, Woody," said she, "you will keep father company; and if I catch you listening at the door, I'll box your ears."

Ground-floor and first-floor, in one and the same dwelling-house, surely never held a more ill-assorted pair apiece, than did that dining-room and back drawing-room in Rhadegund Street upon the evening in question; the one containing Claude and his cub, the other Selina Murphy and her guest Valentine Blake. Between the former couple, there was little enough of talk; Claude sipped his whiskey and water, smiling to himself at the ludicrous behavior of Xantippe, or regarding Master Woody with half-shut derisive eyes, as that young gentleman roved from preserved ginger to damson cheese, like a horse which finds for the first time both bean-chest and corn-bin with their lids open.

"How very, very, sick you'll be, Woody!" was all the remonstrance that passed the parental lips.

"Yes, pa," replied the obsequious youth, helping himself to the last dregs of the last sweetmeat.

"You'll say its me, of course, when your mother asks what has become of the dessert."

"Thank you, pa, I will," was the unexpectedly literal reply.

A very different sort of conversation was that which was going on above-stairs.

"Mr. Valentine Blake," said Selina, as soon as she had closed the back drawing-room door, "I am well aware that my conduct must seem exceedingly strange, and to demand considerable explanation. My excuse must be, that in the matter about which I wish to speak with you—of vast importance in itself both to you and to me—there is not a day to be lost. And yet, before I begin to explain myself I require to be certified of the sort of man with whom I am about to deal. I do not ask for your history. I care not from whence you sprang, or in what you have been engaged; but I wish to hear from your own lips whether you possess the qualifications necessary for my purpose—which will, I promise you, if carried out, be greatly to your own advantage. You have been a soldier, Mr. Blake; but are you a brave man? You have had soldiers under you; but have you a will of iron, so that when you say: 'Obey me,' it is sure to be done?"

"Madam," returned Valentine Blake, gravely, "as to my courage, it is not becoming in me to speak of that: but I have been the close companion through years of battle with the Bravest Man in the World. As to my will, it has never failed to be obeyed, when I have had authority for its enforcement, notwithstanding that I have often had to deal with desperate and lawless men."

"Ah!" remarked Selina, with significance, "perhaps you yourself and the law were not always upon the same side?"

"I was always upon the side of Right, madam," replied the stranger, calmly, "which seems to me to be the highest law."

"Very good, sir; I meant no offence. It is upon the side of right"—here her cold eyes kindled, and her thin fingers closed together tightly—"that I require you now to serve. It may be, at a future time, I shall need your aid to redress a wrong."

"So far, madam," observed Valentine Blake, simply, "I think I may say that I have qualifications for the task you propose for me."

"You are friendless too, you tell me, sir," continued Selina, thoughtfully, "and have no relatives with whom to gossip about other people's business through the post. That is also well."

The stranger smiled.

"I mean, it is well for the prosecution of the matter that I have in my mind," explained his hostess, quite unabashed. "In business-matters, all sentiment is out of place; and I honestly tell you, that I am glad that you are a lonely man. If you were one like my husband, hand-in-glove with every specious fellow you came across, and 'hail-fellow-well-met' with every babbling drinker, you would not suit my plans. I daresay, if need were, now, you could keep a secret?"

"The lives of scores and scores of valiant men have more than once been preserved by my silence, madam, when the thumbscrew and the scourge in vain invited me to speak."

"I can believe it, sir," replied Selina, with enforced admiration. "You are one I do not doubt to stick to your colors; it is for that reason that I have chosen you to wear mine."

Valentine Blake bowed stiffly.

"Madam, I have yet to learn the nature of the service you would impose upon me; except at sea, we rarely act under sealed orders."

"And you are very poor," continued Selina musing, and without noticing his last remark. "That is well too. You would fain persuade me that you are honest also. Nay, sir, I do not question it: where honesty and self-interest pull the same way, there is no need to do so. You will get nothing by betraying me: you will indeed have nothing to betray; whereas, by being true, you will gain much."

"I shall be true, madam, never fear," observed the stranger, gravely. "But you have not yet mentioned the nature of the occupation."

"Let me first point out its advantages," resumed his hostess, quietly. "In the first place, you will gain your livelihood: you will have board and lodging and an ample income. That is something, is it not?"

"*It is a great deal, madam, indeed.* Forgive me, however, if I anticipate your proposition. I conclude that you are about to honor me with the offer of the post of tutor to your son. I regret to say I cannot accept that post. I do not intend to stay in town for any length of time."

"My son does not need a tutor, sir, his education being perfected," returned Selina starchly; "and the situation which I am about to suggest for your acceptance is in the country—three hundred miles from London. You said that you had no objection to a private tutorship; you said that you could teach the rudiments of a commercial education. I am about to take you at your word. Now, look at this." She pulled out from her pocket a newspaper, folded down so as to mark a particular advertisement, and placed it in his hands:

WANTED—*a Resident Tutor for a Young Gentleman (aged 17) of wayward habits, and whose education has been neglected. No person without decided capabilities for the office need apply. Some knowledge of commercial routine indispensable. Address Herbert Warton, Esq., Sandalthwaite, Cumberland.*

CHAPTER XXII.

FRANK AND CONFIDENTIAL.

While Valentine Blake was making himself acquainted with the advertisement, which he did with considerable deliberation, Mrs. Murphy rose from her seat and paced the room, not from impatience of the delay, for she never even looked towards her companion, but for the sake of that relief which motion always seems to afford to the mind overcrowded with thoughts.

"Have you read it?" asked she at last, not stopping even then, although she threw one sharp glance at his face—"have you read it, and do you understand it?"

"Yes, madam," returned the young man slowly. "The paper is the *Commercial Times*, I see: a strange journal enough to find in an artist's drawing-room."

"What is that to *you?*" replied Selina sharply, and coming to a sudden halt. "However, if you want reasons, you shall have them. *I*—not my husband, mark me, but myself—*I* take that newspaper because it sometimes treats of matters in which I have a personal interest. It refers to property, now passed from me and mine, but which I once had reason to look upon as my own. It also often mentions by name a certain blood-relation."

"With whom, to use your own expressive words, perhaps you do not gossip through the post," returned the young man smiling.

"You are very right, sir," answered Mrs. Murphy coldly. "The person I refer to and myself are far from being upon good terms—he is my brother."

"The Mr. Herbert Warton here referred to, I suppose?"

"No. I have every reason to believe, however—indeed, I am positively certain—that the advertisement in question emanates from a member of my family; from my brother, perhaps, or, as is more likely"—here her features were contorted with a little spasm, and she jerked her words out one by one, as though each went nigh to choke her—"from my sister-in-law. Mr. Warton is a friend of theirs, and very likely to be their adviser; but he has no children of his own." Once more, Mrs. Murphy resumed her walk, and this time with her fingers playing with her bare and wrinkled throat, in a very unattractive manner indeed.

"Look you, Mr. Blake," said she, when she stopped again; "I hate my brother, and I hate his wife, but I do not hate their child. I bear no malice to the lad whatever: why should I? True he is the innocent cause that I and mine are poor instead of rich; that my Woodford is heir to his father's beggary instead of his uncle's wealth; but you and I, sir, wage no war against the innocent—nay, we wage no war at all. The message which you will bear is wholly one of peace."

"Madam," returned the young man quietly, "without quite seeing, I confess, how the matter is to be brought about through the mediation of so humble an individual as myself, and a total stranger to all concerned, yet, if my services should prove the means of reconciling you to a brother, of healing an unnatural feud—"

"I should curse you, sir," interposed Selina with energy, "to my dying day. Let us be frank with one another throughout this matter. I never wish to think of Ernest Woodford otherwise than as the base and perfidious rogue I know him to be: I never wish to think of the woman he has twice taken to be his wife *at all*. But with regard to their son—my nephew—the case, as I have said, is different. You, who have no relatives, sir, may not be able to appreciate the saying that 'Blood is thicker than water,' but for my part I own, this spoiled, unhappy child—whom I have never seen, but the account of whose misdeeds has often reached my ears—awakens in me the deepest interest."

Ashamed, perhaps, of the gentle emotions that might be observable in her features, Mrs. Murphy set her face to the window, and turned her back upon her companion as she proceeded: "'Of wayward habits,' sir, says that advertisement; alas, the truth is, that this young man, the only relative now left me in the world, except my Woodford, is vicious and abandoned to the last degree. Without some such help as you can give him is speedily afforded, his ruin is certain; and the vast means of which he will be the possessor, will be the cause of innumerable evils to others as well as to himself. I know what sort of a bringing-up the poor lad must needs have had, and my heart has no room to spare for censure; pity for his present, and apprehension for his future, is all I feel. Do I make my motives intelligible to you, Mr. Blake?"

"Yes, indeed, madam," returned the young man gravely; "though such disinterestedness is rare. But how can you be sure that this appointment is not filled up, or that, if vacant, it will be given to one who has only your recommendation to back him?"

"It is not filled up, because the advertisement appeared in yesterday's paper for the first time, and in this journal only. It is so like my brother not to use the ordinary channels. You will find him wedded to commerce—and better for him if he had taken no other wife. Short-sighted, yet scheming fool! What was I saying? Ah, the tutorship. You have credentials, testimonials of some sort, I conclude? Good. These and your priority of application will without doubt secure the post. Only, whatever you do, whether now or hereafter, see that you never breathe my name, or hint at having known me or my husband. To do so—no matter how sure you may deem your footing—would be to leave Dewbank Hall forthwith. There is a girl there, by-the-by—a woman she must be by this time—about whom I should put you on your guard. Are you weak, Mr. Valentine Blake, with respect to young-lady dolls? I am sorry to see you blush: I should have thought you had been above such follies."

"If I blush, madam, it is for another reason than that which your words imply. However charming this young lady may turn out on acquaintance, my affections are pre-engaged."

"I am glad of it," replied Mrs. Murphy, sharply; "though she was not charming when I knew her, nor did she give any promise of being so. She was, however, a bold and obstinate child, likely enough to grow up both dangerous and designing."

For the first time throughout their talk, there came into Valentine Blake's eyes a cold-blue gleam like the glitter of a sword.

"Is this young lady, too, a kinswoman of yours, madam?"

"Yes, sir. You would say, perhaps, that I am unfortunate in my relatives. It was open to the girl I speak of to take her uncle's part or mine in the subject of our quarrel, and she preferred to take her uncle's."

"Forgive me, madam, if I seem to push my curiosity too far, but it is my habit—induced, perhaps, by military training—to endeavor to make myself acquainted with the ground when venturing into a strange country. May I ask what *was* the subject of your quarrel?"

"There were many subjects, sir: whatever arose, we differed about, but the chief cause was an insolent, vexatious boy. He is dead now, so there is no need to speak of him."

"And was that young gentleman a relation of yours also, madam?"

"Yes, sir. You may smile, but I am not ashamed to say I loathed them all. I strove to do my duty by them, and I earned distrust—defiance! And I am not one to be defied without resenting it. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, madam. The more you tell me of these occurrences, the more I am astonished, not at your indignation, but at the unselfish interest you manifest in your unknown nephew: it seems as though the pent-up flood of natural affection, so often turned back from these unworthy channels, was seeking for its outlet in that neglected lad."

"Very likely," observed Selina, dryly. "I have certainly no ill-will against the young man—Bentinck he is named, I believe, after some connection of his mother—nay, as I have said, I wish him well. I am doing the very best for him I can, Mr. Blake, when I ask you to consent to be his tutor."

The young man bowed with courteous gravity, but uttered no reply.

"You accept the compliment, but not the place," observed Selina, sharply.

"I did not say that, madam; but it struck me that you had not quite finished what you had to say—that you might have some

condition to add, in case I should accept your offer."

"I have mentioned that of secrecy," returned Selina, thoughtfully. "It is understood that nobody shall know that I recommended you for the situation."

"Nobody but your husband, madam; I am under some obligation to his kindness, and it is imperative that I should be frank with him in the matter."

"And are you not under some obligation to *me?*" replied Mrs. Murphy, with irritation. "Don't I give you the place? And can't I take it away from you again—that is, could not I find means to let my brother know that you obtain it through my intervention? Come, I don't wish to threaten you, Mr. Blake. Let us be friends, by all means. But why should you acquaint my husband with this matter?"

"Because, madam, even if he had not shown himself my friend, I could not consent to share a secret with his wife unknown to him."

"If you tell Mr. Murphy, you may just as well tell all the world, sir. However, since you are so obstinate about it, you must have your way. It would be well to answer the advertisement to-night, so that your letter may leave town by the first post to-morrow morning."

"Very well, madam; so let it be. Then there is absolutely no other condition?"

"None, sir; for what I have now to ask can scarcely be called by any such name—it is simply this: I shall require to hear from you at intervals a detailed account of all that takes place at Dewbank Hall."

"Madam, whenever we caught a spy at Monte Viedo," returned the young man, "it was our custom to hang him."

"You did quite right," assented Mrs. Murphy, cheerfully. "You surely cannot imgaine that I wish to put such an indignity on you as that at which you hint. I have no means of learning the state of affairs in a house that was once my home; I have had no information for nearly twenty years of how things have been going on at Sandalthwaite; I have never even set eyes upon this lad Bentinck Woodford, in whom, as you say, I feel so lively an interest—is it then to be wondered at that I wish to seize this opportunity to learn something of all these things? Indeed, I am not concerned with what may be going on at present, or with what may happen in future at Dewbank Hall, half so much as with the past. I should like, above all things, to hear from you the occurrences which have taken place there during my absence—especially shall I welcome anything you may have to tell me about Bentinck. You may even dwell upon his personal appearance; let me know if he resembles his mother or his father, or anybody else in the parish, for I know everybody at Sandalthwaite, and shall understand a likeness of that sort better than any mere description: and I should like to know something about the man who inserts this advertisement—Dr. Herbert Warton. I don't mind telling you, Mr. Blake, that he was once a would-be flame of mine. I daresay over his liquor—for I am sorry to say he is not so abstemious as you are—he will boast to you of the opportunity which he once had of making what would have been for him quite a splendid alliance; don't contradict him, pray. Encourage him, rather, for my sake, for he is the greatest gossip in all Cumberland, and will tell you more of what I want to know than a whole file of county papers. It may be weak and foolish to wish to be acquainted with such matters, but then I am a Woman, Mr. Blake. I demand no breach of confidence; no spy-work, such as you naturally revolt against—do I?" And Selina Murphy regarded her companion with a look uncommonly like those enticing ones with which she used to favor Claude in the day of her courtship of that victim, allowance only being made for the lapse of years.

"Really, Mrs. Murphy, I do not see how I can resist you further," replied Valentine Blake, with gravity. "There can, as you say, be no harm in what you request of me; a London newspaper editor might ask as much of his country correspondent."

"Just so," replied Selina, eagerly; "and he would also remunerate you for your trouble. Your remark relieves me from some embarrassment upon that score." She fumbled in her pocket for a moment, to separate a single five-pound note from a little packet of them which she had held in readiness there from the first. It was as though Marsyas should have been compelled to peel off his own epidermis, but she did at last detach the outside bank-note, which she held up (as a niggardly uncle might proffer a cheap sweetmeat to a child,) before the young man's astonished eyes. "You must allow me to offer you this retaining-fee," said she, "and then I shall be sure you will never advocate the other side."

"Madam," returned Valentine Blake, stillly, "I am no lawyer, but a soldier who takes his pay (when he can get it,) but does not stoop to plunder. Believe me, I shall do my duty both to you and to my employers without a bribe."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Droll Mistakes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes to a Buffalo paper: "By some fantastic trick of your type-setter, my speech on Saturday evening is suddenly terminated, and so linked to that of Mr. Train's that I am made to run off in an entirely new vein of eloquence. Among many other exploits, I am made to boast that I neither smoke, nor chew, nor drink, nor lie, nor steal, nor swear, as if such accomplishments were usual among American women. In the Buffalo Express women are to vote for 'liberty and God,' instead of 'freedom and equality.' In a speech, not long since, wherever I refer to my honored countrymen as 'white males,' I am reported as having addressed them as 'white mules.' All these are good jokes if credited to the printer's devil, but not to those who represent an unpopular idea, and carefully weigh their words."

☞ A lady writes, referring to the law punishing men who beat their wives, says that hers does worse by arguing with her whenever she makes a mistake. "I had rather he would beat me, that I would! Hammer, hammer, hammer! with his nasty, disagreeable logic! he quite makes my head ache."

The Young Lady
WHO IS AN OLD MAID.

Let us ask whom we will for a description of old maids, and the answer will be for the most part the same. We shall be told that they are invariably plain; have a marvellous love of order, which is perpetually displaying itself; are prudish to a degree; have a sort of natural horror of young men; are rather inclined to be literary; subscribe to Bible societies; talk scandal, and nurse cats. But this is both a vulgar and an erroneous view of the subject.

In the first place no young girl is so plain but the chances are that some one may think otherwise; and very, very few but feel this in their inmost hearts, although it may turn out at last to be a mere delusion. Then the love of order; what so likely to make a good housewife and a happy home? As for being prudish, we do not believe a word of it, or that they think less of beaux, and all that sort of thing, than their companions, although for various reasons, they may not talk so much about them. The old proverb that "Still water runs deepest," is not wholly without truth. Then, as to her being literary, *we*, of course, see no harm in that; and, seriously speaking, it will render her none the less likely to love or be loved. With regard to Bible societies, religion is a woman's sweetest virtue. But scandal? Ah! that is certainly very shocking! And yet, where will you find the girl who does not occasionally indulge in it? How else could she ever hope to get through her endless round of morning visits and evening parties? As for the cats, we shall only add that the love of dumb animals is the sure sign of a kind heart; and a four-footed pet is much the safest, and oftentimes the most faithful. But if the common view of the "Young Lady who is an Old Maid" be so baseless and easily confuted, which is the true one? Listen, and we will tell you after our own fashion.

They are to be found among the most beautiful of earth's daughters; the world teems with them, although we know it not; and as fast as one dies away from that pale, melancholy band, her place is filled up by another, and another yet, and will be so long as young hearts worship idols of clay, wondering to find them perishable.

We enter a crowded ball-room, and are struck by the radiant beauty of a fair girl who stands leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, perhaps her lover, or her brother, or merely a friend. They are talking and laughing merrily together, and her laugh, which is very sweet, although a little too loud to be natural, rises far above the echo of the music—and one there starts when he hears it, and knows not whether to be glad or sorry that she can so easily forget him, for he has found a fairer still in his eyes. She has accomplished her object; she saw him start, and smiled; it was a terrible smile to see on a young face! How joyous she seemed that night! What flashes of wit fell *from those scornful lips, in the which* there was a mingling of satire which few perceived! And none dreamt at its close that she had been disappointed, as it is termed, and would never know love or happiness again—that the "Young Lady was an Old Maid" already in heart.

Another is there, scarcely less beautiful, but pale and quiet-eyed; and somehow, as if the doom was upon her, no one thinks of asking her to dance; but she never feels the neglect—her thoughts are all with the past. Her sad history may be summed up in a few brief words—he to whom she was to have been married died one week before the time fixed for the ceremony, of a fever. There will be no more wedding-days for her!

A third, too, so young and pretty that it is a marvel to all her companions that she never yet had a lover. Are they quite certain upon this point?—and that merry-hearted Frank Grey, who was sent to sea and perished there, was not something more than a mere distant relation? It is strange that she should never be without that little cornelian cross he sent her only a few months before the news of his death came. And yet she never mentions his name, except, may be, in her prayers.

Then there is the heiress of Dunallen, with her high white brow, haughty step, and brilliant eyes. Can it be that her heart is as cold as her smile? And was it always thus? We suppose it must have been, for they do say she was so indignant with the young clergyman of Hawthorn for daring to speak of love to her one day, when his passion had got the better of his prudence, that she banished him from her presence with harsh words, although they had been brought up together from their childhood. But he was certainly no match for her in point of wealth and station, which would have signified little if she had loved him, for she had more than enough for both. The poor young man, however, took it so much to heart that he quitted the place where he was looked upon by all, and especially the poor, as little less than an angel, and went away no one knew whither. Advertisements have appeared several times since in the principal papers, supplicating only for a line, but possibly they never met the eye of the fugitive, whose after fate is still wrapped in mystery. But of course the proud and gifted heiress of Dunallen has forgotten all this long since.

Sweet Anne Drummond, too, with her violet eyes and bright hair: why did she turn so pale, and tremble like a leaf, when some one asked her just now if she remembered the last race ball, and whether it was not a very grand affair? She who seemed so happy on that night was the belle of the room, and waltzed, if we forget not, two or three times running with Cornet Fitzjames, whom all the rest of the girls were trying in vain to get to notice them; and not caring a pin although her old lover stood looking on, with his arms folded, and his lips almost as white as hers are now, as she answers her interrogator in a tearful voice—

"Yes, we were all very merry."

"All but Mr. Atherton. By-the-by, I fancied at one time he was a beau of yours, my dear."

Poor Annie! Perhaps she had thought so too, once—but that was all past now; and she only shook her head, smiled, and then sighed a moment after, and was thankful to be able to keep from crying.

We shall notice one more in that festal scene; and how beautiful she is! what a world of passion and tenderness in those large dreamy eyes! what intellect in the broad, white brow! she is a poetess; and, girl as she looks, fame has already recognized its gifted one, and her name found an echo in many hearts. Mark how they crowd about her, as though that low voice were an oracle; and how the bashfulness of the woman sheds a crowning glory upon the bowed head of genius. And yet in that proud hour we would allow a momentary exultation in the triumphs so early won—in the homage of the good and great—but there are none. The idol upon its marble pedestal could not look more cold. She seemed weary and heart-sick. It might be that she had many worshippers, and yet that the worshipped was not among them.

She did not dance, but stood leaning against one of the pillars, and smiling when spoken to in a sad, abstracted way; so that many whispered to one another that she was composing a new poem. At last two came and sat down, without perceiving her, on a low couch; the one, a simple, child-like young thing; the other, an officer in the prime of life and manly beauty.

"Well, I am glad I came," said the girl; "it is so pleasant to see one whose works I admire so much. And I am not the least disappointed—she is very lovely. Do you not think so?"

"Yes, certainly," replied her companion.

"Nay, how coldly you answer!"

"Did I? But, in good truth, dearest, I have a strange prejudice against all women who write—clever women, as they are termed—and would not marry one for the whole world."

Just at that moment the dancers were startled by a wild shriek, succeeded by a heavy fall; and the young poetess was borne past, with her dark hair hanging loosely upon her shoulders, and her face pale as her white robe. While the officer sneered, and whispered something to his companion about such people liking to get up a scene, to which she listened incredulously, for, simple as she was, she had a woman's heart.

From that hour the lyre of the poetess was baptized in tears; and, as she died early, the world deemed it but the prophetic revealings of her own doom, and biographers drew the history of her short life after their own fashion.

We might go on in this way until our article spread itself into volumes, sad and truthful records of the human heart; but enough has been said to make us thoughtful, perhaps even sad; for who is there that cannot number among their acquaintances of past years, or does not know at the present time, at least one "Young Lady who is an Old Maid;" one seared and blighted spirit, which, however proudly it may bear itself to the world, asks only in the hour of solitude and abandonment to die? And the last stage of such is, if possible, even worse than the first; when the rust of anguish, and bitterness, and disappointment, has gathered over and dimmed *every warm and kindly feeling of their natures; when ceasing* to be "Young Ladies" they are still "Old Maids," and satire, born of suffering, makes them odious to themselves and others. How quaintly, and yet with what simple truth, Martin Luther tells, "that the heart of a human creature is like a mill-stone in a mill: when corn is shaken thereon, it turneth and grindeth it to meal; but if no corn be there, it still turneth and grindeth away itself."

But it is not always so; there are some who bear the burden with a meek and patient spirit; and some, too, who love nothing better than to speak of their own blighted youth, and hold it up as a warning to others never to trifle ever so lightly with the heart that trusts them. Even where this is not the case, let us forbear to ridicule or scorn one of God's creatures, once as young and merry-hearted as ourselves, stricken down perhaps in the pride of her beauty by that common scourge of womanhood, the faithlessness of him to whom she had given her whole soul. The harsh voice, the sneering lip, telleth its own tale of misery. The cold smile hides a world of bitter thoughts, and the love that lavishes itself so foolishly, as we deem it, upon the animals of her household, has perhaps in years past been flung back upon her own heart, and failed utterly to crush and deaden its tenderness.

☞ The native Californians scarcely ever marry, but live together often during life. They are very prolific in children, but when tired of each other they separate, and choose new partners. Of this free intercourse no notice is taken by the people, the state, or the United States laws.

☞ J. R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke) having separated from his wife, the parties met in Newark, Ohio, last week, to divide the children. The husband and wife did not come together until the moment of the separation of the children arrived. Two of the little ones were assigned to the care of the father, and a third to the mother, who is also to be permitted to pay weekly visits to the others.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ Rev. Dr. Willets, of Philadelphia, well known throughout the country as a popular lecturer, once preached at Kennebunk on three hundred dollars a year, paying thirty dollars a year for rent, and *having his fish given him!*

☞ There is an idea, or a theory, or a belief afloat that somewhere up in the Arctic seas, beyond the frozen Ocean, lies an unknown land. To reach it you must, as it were, get behind the North wind: that is, you must penetrate the barrier of circumpolar ice, leave it in your rear, and get close up to the Pole. If you can do this, and once put the ice-fields behind you, you will come to a fine open sea, with a continent in the middle of it.—*London Times.*

☞ Queen Victoria has obtained the second prize for fat pigs at the Birmingham cattle show.

☞ The velocity of the Gulf Stream is reported by experienced navigators to have recently been greatly increased, and the currents along the Florida reefs are said to be so strong as almost to draw a steam vessel upon the reefs. This phenomenon is supposed to be the result of the recent convulsions of the earth in the West India region.

☞ A man named Crawford has started to walk from Columbus, Ohio, to New Orleans with the national flag over his shoulder.

ON A SPITEFUL LETTER.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L.

Here, it is here—the close of the year,
And with it a spiteful letter.
My fame in song has done him much wrong,
For himself has done much better.

O, foolish bard, is your lot so hard,
If men neglect your pages?
I think not much of yours or of mine;
I hear the roll of ages.

This fallen leaf, isn't fame as brief?
My rhymes may have been the stronger,
Yet hate me not, but abide your lot;
I last but a moment longer.

O, faded leaf, isn't fame as brief?
What room is here for a hater?
Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,
For it hangs one moment later.

Greater than I—isn't that your cry?
And I shall live to see it.
Well, if it be so, so it is, you know;
And if it be so—so be it!

O, Summer leaf, isn't life as brief?
But this is the time of hollies;
And my heart, my heart is an evergreen,
I hate the spites and the follies.

Check Valves for Furnaces.

In conversing with a friend, recently, upon the different modes of warming houses, he gave us a bit of information which is valuable, and which he has kindly written out as follows:—

My hot-air furnace, used for warming the house, had a trick common to furnaces, of occasionally drawing the wrong way. In many cases it will be found, by standing out of doors, at the end of the cold-air box, that the heat, especially in windy weather, passes outward. I have learned from one skilled in such matters how to cure this defect, and with my own hands applied an effectual remedy. What is wanted is a valve in the cold-air box, playing horizontally, which instantly closes with an outward current, and keeps open with an inward current. I made mine and put it in successful operation in less than two hours, and this is how it was done:

The inside of the air-box is 11x28 inches. I made a frame of light pine stuff an inch square of that size, and covered it with cotton sheeting, tacked on. Then it was hung in this way in the box. Measuring one-third the width from the bottom of the frame two holes, one each side, were bored through it, into which were turned flush, two brass wood-screws, into the heads of which had been counter-sunk with a common tool in a bit-stock, holes about a quarter of an inch deep for the gudgeons to turn in. Then making the valve to fit loosely in the box, another brass screw, the point of which had been filed smooth, was put through each side of the box, forming gudgeons resting in the holes in the heads of the other screws.

This completes the valve, except the stops; as two-thirds the width of the valve is above the gudgeons, it turns outward, on the same principle as a weather-cock turns, and a strip must be nailed across the inside of the top of the box, to stop the valve at a perpendicular. In order that the out-coming air may catch the valve and close it, the valve must not be allowed to open quite full width. A nail driven through the side of the box will stop it at a slight angle, so that the outward current will strike under it.

One thing has been omitted. The valve, before it is hung, must be exactly balanced with lead tacked on to the lower side. With this arrangement no hot air can escape from the furnace. Finally, if this description is not intelligible, it is because I cannot conveniently print a dingram to show this excellent little contrivance to the bodily vision.

Josephine's Wardrobe.

No one had a larger and more choice selection of cashmere shawls than Josephine. Mdlle. Ducrot relates that the deceased Empress had more than one hundred and fifty of the most magnificent and costly cashmere shawls. She had sent to Constantinople patterns from which she had them made there, as pleasing to the eye as they were costly and precious. Every week M. Lenormant, the first man-milliner in Paris, came to Navarn, the country residence of the Empress, and brought his most beautiful shawls for her selection. The Empress possessed several (having a white ground covered with roses, violets, paroquets, peacocks and other objects of beauty hitherto unknown in France,) each of which cost from fifteen to twenty thousand francs.

The Empress went so far in her passion for cashmeres as to have dresses made of the same material. One day she had put on one of these dresses which was so beautiful that some gentlemen invited to dinner could not withhold their admiration. One of them, Count Paurtales, thought that this splendid material would be well adapted for a gentleman's vest. Josephine, in her large heartedness, had a pair of scissors brought; she then cut her dress into several pieces sufficiently large for a vest, and divided them among the gentlemen, so that only the bodice of the dress remained, with a small piece around the waist. But this improvised spencer over the white, richly embroidered under-dress, was so exceedingly becoming to the Empress, and brought out so exquisitely her beautiful bust, and slender, graceful waist, that it would have been easy to consider as a piece of coquetry what was simply Josephine's spontaneous generosity.

☞ LAMARTINE.—Lamartine is feeble. He sits all day long in his chair without saying a word or recognizing visitors. Two servants carry him to the table on their shoulders, where he eats with a ravenous appetite, but still remains silent.

☞ In Missouri the Germans have a queer marriage custom. Some young man is selected to carry invitations to the wedding. He rides about, and each person invited must attach to his hat not less than a yard of highly-colored ribbon. The effect, when the young man has completed his rounds, is quite startling.

☞ Dr. Hobbs says:—"Most people think editing a paper is as easy as making love. A half day's experience will explode the pleasant fiction. We had rather make love to a dozen women than edit one paper."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

The beautiful steel engravings which adorn The Lady's Friend are, we think, unequalled.

TERMS:—$2.50 A YEAR.

SPLENDID PREMIUM OFFERS

We offer for THE LADY'S FRIEND precisely the same premiums (*in all respects*) as are offered for THE POST. The lists can be made up either of the Magazine, or of the Magazine and Paper conjointly, as may be desired.

The Terms for Clubs of THE LADY'S FRIEND are also precisely the same as for THE POST—and the Clubs also can be made up for both Magazine and Paper conjointly if desired.

☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THOSE BUTCHERS' BILLS.

Those butchers' bills! those butchers' bills!
How many a mind their total fills,
Reflecting, at this costly time,
On loin and leg, on coarse and prime!

Those happy days are passed away,
When sixpence round we used to pay,
And sometimes, if the joint was veal,
A sweetheart graced the closing meal.

And so 'twill be when we are gone,
Those butchers still will lay it on;
And other bards, with other quills,
Will write about their heavy bills.—*Punch.*

☞ A highly reputed work on the "English Constitution," by Walter Bagshot, just published in London, gravely announces that the emission of paper money is one of the prerogatives of the President of the United States. "That this power to issue greenbacks is decided to belong to the President as Commander-in-Chief of the army; it is part of what is called the 'war power.'"

☞ Of all learning, the most difficult department is to unlearn; drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator.

☞ The Philadelphia Free Masons are to take five years to build a $750,000 temple, with a tower three hundred feet high.

☞ A man in Havana recently attempted to elope with three women on the same evening.

☞ The London Athenæum advises the author of an ambitious novel, styled "Edith's Marriage," to study grammar before writing another novel. The advice will apply to many geniuses in the romantic line on this side of the Atlantic.

☞ At Lee, in Massachusetts, there are said to be a farmer and his wife who have some queer notions about life. They occupy separate divisions of the house; "keep house" on their own account separately; purchase farm or dairy products from each other as from strangers, and exact the highest market rates.

☞ There is no word in the Indian language for the word year. The Indians reckoned time by the return of snow, or the springing of flowers, and the flight of the birds, which announce the progress of the seasons.

☞ The London Athenæum says: "It may be interesting to many of Mr. Tennyson's friends and others to know that the reports about his leaving the Isle of Wight as a permanent residence are erroneous. He would do so on no account, but intends to spend winter and other times at Farringford, and to neck his newly-erected house "for a change," as we say.

☞ The Passenger Accident Assurance Company of Hartford, lost $15,000 by the Lake Shore accident. They had insured five persons to the amount of $3,000 each, receiving 10 cts. for each ticket—or 50 cts. on the whole number, on which they pay $15,000.

☞ A horse was struck by a locomotive near Meriden, Conn., last week, and two of his feet cut entirely off as if by a sharp knife. Notwithstanding this, the animal travelled on for a quarter of a mile down the track, where he was found next morning and, properly, killed. He had a saddle on, and there is a man missing somewhere.

☞ A lady in Great Barrington, Mass., recently gave birth to a female child, on the back of whose head was a protuberance, in perfect representation of the prevailing "waterfall." Even the marks of the ribbon with which they are usually tied on was plainly shown on the child's neck. It was alive when born, but died soon afterwards.

☞ "Have you ground the tools all right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a lad whom he had taken as an apprentice. "All but the handsaw, sir," replied the lad, proudly; "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

An Underground River.

The Fremont (Ohio) Journal says:—"It is not generally known that there exists, about a mile west of Fremont, a remarkable underground stream, with a swift current, and no outlet above the surface of the ground this side of Lake Erie. It was discovered several years ago on a farm north of the Four Mile House, now owned by widow Sheffer, by a man who was returning from a day's chopping in the woods. In walking over a slightly sunken place he noticed a hollow sound, and turning, struck the ground with his axe. The axe broke through and disappeared, and never has been heard from since. Further investigations showed a rock about six feet below the surface, with a crevice a foot or more wide, in which water could be seen several feet below. By tracing its course further down and breaking through the crust, the same phenomenon appeared again, and by dropping a piece of wood or other floating substance in the upper aperture, it was soon seen to pass to the lower one, showing a strong current. A lead and line let down to the depth of seventy feet found no bottom. The supply of water is only slightly affected by drought, and a pump set up in one of the places above mentioned, has furnished the purest water to the whole neighborhood during the late dry season. It is certainly a remarkable stream.

Wood Wall Paper.

A Boston newspaper mentions a very delicate, ingenious and beautiful machine, which has recently been constructed. This machine will take a portion of a tree, after it has been cut the right length and width, and shave it up into thin ribbons as wide as a roll of house paper, making one hundred or one hundred and fifty to the inch. These rolls of wood are placed on walls by paper hangers with paste and brush, precisely in the same manner as paper. The wood is wet when used, and really works easier than paper, because it is much more tough and pliable. In these days, when variety is sought for, one can finish the walls of his house in different woods, to suit his taste. One room can be finished in bird's-eye maple, another in chestnut, another in cherry, another in white wood. Thus there is no imitation, but the genuine article is upon the walls. The longer the wood hanging remains on the wall, the more distinct will be the grain and color of the wood.

From the Sunday Dispatch, N. Y. City.

The Japan and Oolong teas, which are being sold by the Great American Tea Company, at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street, have received the unqualified approval of our citizens who drain the "cup which cheers but not inebriates." As the company purchases its teas direct from the Asiatic factors, without paying a profit to middlemen, it can afford to sell the genuine, unadulterated article cheaper than other dealers do drugged and doctored trash. To buy cheaply and surely, go to Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey street.

☞ "They call betting out West, "putting a pecuniary estimate on one's opinion."

☞ James Bennett, of Lexington, Ky., has got his twelfth wife.

☞ A Frenchman has recently made a great discovery. It is of special value to parents, as it refers to the case of perversity in turbulent children. Suppose a boy of seven years old has been "carrying on." The father simply says: "John, you have been a bad boy to-day; I shall take off a year from your age. You are now not more than six years old." In every case the young rebel subsides into angelic docility, contingent on the father's restoring to him again the missing year.

☞ Joe S—— resides in Southern Oregon. When his wife arrived in San Francisco, *en route* to join her lord, a gentleman asked her if she came by water. "Yes, I came by steamboat," "What steamship?" "Well, I don't know what the name on it was; Sary Navady (*Sierra Nevada*) was on to the blankets, but I don't r'ally know whether 'twas the name of the *chambermaid*, or the name of the *steamboat!*"

☞ An impudent fellow recently asked Mlle. Dejazet her age. She for an instant looked him full in the face, throwing all the intensity of her famous impertinent look into her eyes; and then she archly smiled and said: "I am told, sir, I so often make other people forget how old I am, that I think I may be excused if I don't call to remembrance the date of my birth."

☞ Economy was exemplified in the case of the man who had occasion to place marble slabs for counters in his store, and had them made in the form of gravestones, with the names and epitaphs of his family inscribed on the under side.

☞ It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good and so is mustard, but they are not good for each other.

☞ The following remarkable operation was lately performed by a German surgeon: One of his patients, wounded by a ball in the region of the stomach, had long baffled his skill. The ball could not be cut out, because its precise location was not to be ascertained by external search. So, with the consent of the suffering patient, he proceeded to inquire within. This was effected by introducing into the œsophagus (the passage leading from the throat to the stomach) a small glass tube, into which he passed an electric current, and placing the patient nude in a dark place, the luminous power of the electric spark rendered the illuminated region sufficiently transparent to enable the surgeon to determine the exact spot occupied by the ball. So, withdrawing the electric light, he cut the ball out with ease and safety.

☞ An old lady, a professor of the washerwoman's art, had managed to scrape together sufficient means to build a small house and barn in the country. One afternoon, soon after she was comfortably established in her new home, a black cloud was seen in the west, and before many minutes a tornado swept through her small property, scattering the timber of her little farm in every direction. Coming out of her kitchen and seeing the devastation the storm had made, the old lady at first could not find words to express her indignation, but at last she exclaimed: "Well, here's a pretty business. No matter, though, I'll pay for this—I'll wash on Sunday!"

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents for each additional insertion
☞ Payment is required in advance.

Faith in Medicines.

Dr. Francis E. Anstie recently delivered a lecture at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in London in which he said: "With regard to fevers, but also very strongly with reference to acute visceral inflammations, the opinion has become general that the natural course of the disorder is toward recovery, and that any medicinal interference with it is worse than useless." Dr. A. also in the same address states that there are few practitioners who have not felt that they had in treating many diseases been of less use to the patient than the nurse. Dr. James G. Glover says, in The Lancet for October, that "in not a few of the best minds of the profession there is great loss of faith in the utility of medicines, and the only materia medica believed in is food and air."

☞ The song, "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die," is a happy illustration of American assurance. Our young go abroad to spend the hard earnings of the old folks, and, when they are dead broke, return home to be buried at the expense of their impoverished parents.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. Sales 6000 bbls, to the retailers and bakers, at $7,50@8,25 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $10@11,50 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $10,50@12 for Penna family, and $11@13 for Ohio family and 12@14,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—750 bbls sold at $8,50@9 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat has fallen off. 30,000 bus of southern and Penna red sold at $2,27@2,38 for choice; $2,40@2,54 for fair to prime; $2,12@2,25 for common, and $1,90 for inferior. White ranges from $2,50@3,20 ₱ bus, according to quality. Rye—4000 bus of prime Penna sold in lots at $1,65@1,67 ₱ bus. Corn—Sales of 8000 bus old yellow at $1,23@1,25; 37,000 bus new Penna and Delaware yellow at $1,12@1,18, as to condition, and 20,000 bus of new western mixed at $1,26@1,27 ₱ bus. Oats—25,000 bus sold at 76@78c ₱ bushel.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Sales of Pork at $20 for old, and $22,50 for new; $18,50 for prime do; and $18 for prime. Mess Beef, City packed, sells at $22@22,50. Dressed Hogs sell at 8½@9c. Bacon—Sales of Hams at 13@13½c; Sides are taken, in lots, at 18@12½c, and Shoulders at 11½@11½c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 13@13½c, and Shoulders, in salt, at 9@9½c. Lard—Sales of 500 tes and bbls, at 13½@13½c, and kegs at 13½@14c. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 15@25c, and roll at 30@40c ₱ lb. Cheese—Sales at 15½@16c. Eggs sell at 45@46c ₱ doz.

COTTON—There has been more doing. About 1000 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 16¾@17c for Uplands, and 17¼@18c ₱ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—45 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $32 ₱ ton.

COAL—The cargo rates are $4,25@4,50 ₱ ton for White Ash, and $4,40@4,75 for Red Ash.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 10@11 cts ₱ lb. 300 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₱ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 5@7 cts ₱ lb. 6200 Hogs sold at from $10,50 to 11,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

THE QUINTETTE ORCHESTRA.

A collection of Quadrilles, Contra-Dances, Waltzes, Polkas, Polka Redowas, Schottisches, Mazourkas, and Serenade pieces, arranged for Two Violins, Clarinet, Cornet and Bass. In five books, one for each instrument. Price of the set $5. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
217 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

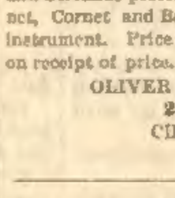
AGENTS.

LLOYD'S $100,000 REVOLVING DOUBLE MAPS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA are just out; only $4. 5,000,000 names on them. "How to canvass well" sent. Ladies and men $20 a day made.
J. T. LLOYD,
No. 23 Cortlandt St., New York.

Maple Leaves for 1868.

A new, instructive and entertaining ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY greatly enlarged and improved. Specimens, with terms and rare inducements to agents, 10 cents. Send at once to BLACKIE & CO., 740 Broadway, New York. jan25-2t

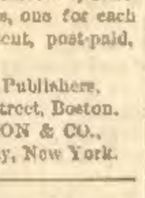
THE SECOND SESSION OF LECTURES in the PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY commences Jan. 1st, 1868. Located, NINTH AND LOCUST.—The above Institution has been thoroughly reorganized, and holds four sessions of lectures each year, embracing ten months of medical instruction. Under the new organization students can enter the College at any time during its session. No previous medical study is required, as all branches of medicine are taught. It has an able corps of professors and teachers, thus furnishing facilities for a regular and thorough medical and surgical education. Perpetual scholarship to the University $75 for first course, and $50 for second course students. W. PAINE, M. D., Dean,
nov20-1y UNIVERSITY BUILDING, Philada.



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES

SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls.
Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. jan18-2m

FREE GIFTS TO ALL!

A Silk Dress Pattern, a Family Sewing Machine, or Gold Watch,

FREE OF COST!

For one or two days' service in any town or village. Particulars and samples sent free, by addressing, with stamp, N. B. CLOUDMAN & CO.,
jan25-3m No. 40 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

LOVE! LOVE!—Full instructions by which any person can win the undying love of any man or woman, and master the whole art of VENTRILOQUISM in a few hours in every case, or money refunded. I will send this to you by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents, if you will keep this secret. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. jan11-4t

540 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Running West from Omaha

ACROSS THE CONTINENT,

ARE NOW COMPLETED,

THE TRACK BEING LAID AND TRAINS RUNNING

Within Ten Miles of the Summit

OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The remaining ten miles will be finished as soon as the weather permits the road-bed to be sufficiently packed to receive the rails. The work continues to be pushed forward in the rock cuttings on the western slope with unabated energy, and a much larger force will be employed during the current year than ever before. The prospect that the whole

GRAND LINE TO THE PACIFIC

WILL BE COMPLETED IN 1870,

was never better. The means so far provided for construction have proved ample, and there is no lack of funds for the most vigorous prosecution of the enterprise. These means are divided into four classes:

1.—UNITED STATES BONDS,

Having thirty years to run, and bearing six per cent. currency interest, at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States takes a *second lien* as security. The interest on these Bonds is paid by the United States government, which also pays the Company one-half the amount of its bills in money for transporting its freight, troops, mails, &c. The remaining half these bills is placed to the Company's credit, and forms a sinking fund which may finally discharge the whole amount of this lien.

2.—FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.* The Trustees for the Bondholders, are the Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator from New York, and the Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of the U. S. House of Representatives, who *are responsible for the delivery of these Bonds to the Company in accordance with the terms of the law.*

3.—THE LAND GRANT.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant or absolute *donation* from the government of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than $1.50 per acre, at the lowest valuation.

4.—THE CAPITAL STOCK.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which $8,500,000 have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 540 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisites rolling stock, to an amount that shall not be less than $5,000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Union Pacific Company to be $60,000 per mile,

The Total Cost of Eleven Hundred Miles will be as follows:

914 miles, at $68,058,	$62,205,012
160 miles, at $90,000,	16,740,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c.,	4,500,000
Amount,	$83,445,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

Available Cash Resources for Building Eleven Hundred Miles:

U. S. Bonds,	$29,328,000
First Mortgage Bonds,	29,328,000
Capital Stock paid in on the work now done,	8,500,000
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1.50 per acre,	21,120,000
Total,	$88,276,000

The Company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

EARNINGS OF THE COMPANY.

At present, the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and, as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.

It will be noticed that the Union Pacific Railroad is, in fact, a *Government Work*, built under the supervision of Government officers, and to a large extent with Government money, and that its bonds are issued under Government direction. It is believed that no similar security is so carefully guarded, and certainly no other is based upon a larger or more valuable property. As the Company's

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

are offered for the present at

90 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR,

they are the cheapest security in the market, being more than 15 per cent. lower than U. S. Stocks. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

or over **NINE PER CENT.** upon the investment, and have thirty years to run before maturity. Subscriptions will be received in Philadelphia by

DE HAVEN & BROTHER, 40 South Third st.,
WILLIAM PAINTER & CO., 36 South Third st.,
J. E. LEWARS & CO., 29 South Third street,
SMITH, RANDOLPH & CO., 16 South Third st.,

In Wilmington, Delaware, by
R. R. ROBINSON & CO.,
JOHN McLEAR & SON.,

And in New York at the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau street, and by

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, No. 7 Nassau street,
CLARK, DODGE & CO., Bankers, No. 51 Wall st.,
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, No. 33 Wall st.,

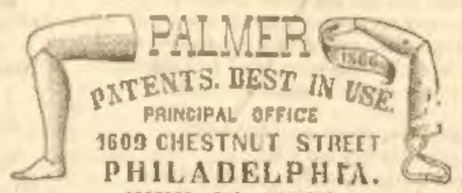
and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States. Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A NEW PAMPHLET AND MAP, showing the Progress of the Work, Resources for Construction, and Value of Bonds, may be obtained of the Company's Offices, or of its advertised Agents, or will be sent free on application.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,

NEW YORK.

January 8th, 1868. jan25-2t



ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,

DR. B. FRANK. PALMER, Pres't A. A. Limb Co'y

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

BELLS.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,

Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.

Made of Pure Bell Metal,
(Copper and Tin.)

HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.

FULLY WARRANTED.

FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,
JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y
aug30-1y

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

AND

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

DO YOU WANT TEETH OF PEARL whiteness? Then use A. M. Longstreet's DENTIFRICE. This article is warranted to be free from corrosive ingredients and effectual in cleaning the teeth. For 25 cents I will send to any address, free of postage, one package of this invaluable preparation. Or for $1.25 I will send one package and the receipt for making the same. Enabling you ever after to be your own manufacturer. Address A. M. LONGSTREET, St. Anthony, Minnesota.
jan11-3m

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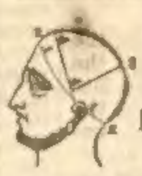

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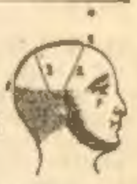

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GOLD! GOLD!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face, or hair on the baldest head in 21 days, thick and heavy in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or 3 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.
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$25 PER DAY.—Agents wanted, Male and Female, Local and Travelling. Business new. Steady employment. No capital required. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

WIT AND HUMOR.

Hard to Please.

Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a business man, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade he always gets the lowest cash price, and he says—"Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself—"I am getting rather 'long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded—"Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

Seeing the Chips Fly.

Some years ago, a young New Englander found himself in the back part of Pennsylvania, ashore as to the means of living. In this strait he applied to a wealthy Quaker in the neighborhood for help.

"I will furnish thee with work, and will pay thee for it, friend," said the Quaker, "but it is not my custom to give alms to one that is able to labor like thee."

"Well, that's all I want," said the Yankee; "of course, I'm willing to work."

"What can thee do, friend?"

"I will do anything to get a little money to help me out of my difficulties."

"Well, there's a log yonder, and there is an axe. Thee may pound on the log with the head of the axe, and if thee is diligent and faithful, I will pay thee a dollar a day."

"Agreed, I'd as soon do that as anything else."

And so the youth went to work and pounded lustily with the head of the axe upon the log. After a little time he paused to take breath, then he began again.

But after an hour he stopped, threw down the axe impatiently, and walked away, saying, "I'll be hanged if I'll cut wood without seeing the chips fly!"

THE CAPTAIN'S TROUT.—A gentleman who resides in a neighboring town, tells a good story about one of his trouting excursions. He was about setting off, with a friend, for a day's fishing, when an acquaintance, an old sea captain, drove up, and was invited to join them. The captain said he should be happy to go, for he had never caught a trout in his life—and being furnished with rod and line, they all set off together. Arrived at the brook they separated, one going above and the other below, leaving the captain to try his luck where he was. After an hour or two had passed, the gentleman who was fishing above the captain, came within hail and asked him if he had caught anything.

"No," replied the captain, "it's these confounded things that jump off the bank and go *kerchug* into the water, that you're after, ain't it?"

HOOSAC TUNNEL.—Years ago, when the project of a route to the West through the Hoosac Mountain was first started, the late Rev. Thomas Whittemore, President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad, was in the western part of the state, and an enthusiastic tunnel man was urging the importance and feasibility of the enterprise.

"Why," said he, "look at the route. It seems as if the finger of Providence had pointed it out."

"What a pity," said the old minister, "*the finger hadn't been run through the mountain!*"

AN A-MEND-MENT.—"Betsy, my dear," said Stubbs, giving his wife a damaged pair of unmentionables, "have the goodness to mend these; it will be as good as going to the play to-morrow night." Mrs. Stubbs took her needle, confessing she could not see the point, and asked: "How so?" "Why, my dear, you will see the wonderful Ravels in the pant-o-mine." Mrs. S. finished the job, handed back the unmentionables, and said to her husband: "That is darned good."

FANCY WORK.—Two street sweepers were overheard discussing the merits of a new hand, who had that day joined their gang.

"Well, Bill, what do you think of the new comer?"

"Oh, don't reckon much of him; he's all very well for a bit of up and down sweeping, but," shaking his head, "let him try a bit of fancy work round the post, and you'll see he'll make a poor hand of it."

THE RIGHT KIND OF A MAYOR.—Mayor McMichael, of this city, married a couple the other day, and in reply to the question what was the price of the ceremony, said there was no regular charge.

"Gosh! Mr. Mayor, give us your hand," exclaimed the delighted groom, "you're just the kind of feller I like to meet," and shaking the worthy chief magistrate violently by the hand, bowed himself to the door.

WANTED THE BEST.—"Captain, what's the fare to St. Louis!"

"What part of the boat do you wish to go on, cabin or deck?"

"Hang your cabin," said the gentleman from Indiana, "I live in a cabin at home; give me the best you've got."

WHY.—"Why are women like churches?" Firstly, because there is no living without them; secondly, because there is many a-spire to them; thirdly, because they are objects of adoration; and lastly, but by no means least, because they have a loud clapper in their upper story.

YOUNG AMERICA.

CONSIDERATE NEPHEW.—"Now, aunt, if you feel at all nervous, you know, I'll change horses with you directly."

FIDELITY.

Love me for my love to thee,
Other claim is not in me;
Youth and beauty both are flown,
Mirth and zest of joy are gone,
Tireless Love remains alone.

Love me for my love to thee,
Parted on life's main are we:
Ships that sailed the North Sea track,
When the summer wind fell slack,
Frozen each in separate pack.

Love me, dear, as I love thee,
Patiently my lot I dree;
Watching how the angels' hands,
From Time's loosely shifting sands,
Spin the everlasting strands.

Mother Nature.

I don't like to talk against my mother, but I feel bound to expose her unequal manner of dealing with members of the family. We are a large family. Some of us are weak, others strong; some of us are inclined to be steady and well behaved, others too are dissolute. What puzzles me is the partiality which my mother shows towards certain of her children, and the harshness with which she treats others. One of my big brothers stays up until about four o'clock every morning, drinks twelve or thirteen hot whiskey punches, and in the morning my mother simply pinches his ear and says, "Oh, you naughty boy!" One of my younger brothers ate a small slice of roast pork the other day, and thus offended my mother. She, almost immediately after discovering what he had done, flew at him like a tigress, and commenced punching him in the abdomen. He protested, but in vain, my mother was enraged. In eating pork he had committed an unpardonable sin, though many of my other brothers might devour the whole hog with impunity. My mother is very eccentric. One of my brothers pretends that it is very easy to please her. He says she has laid down certain plain, easily understandable laws for our guidance, and if we follow them strictly we shall never get spanked. He told one of my little brothers, who was very weak, that our mother wished him to get up at five o'clock every morning and take a salt-water bath as *he* did. My weak brother followed the advice of my strong brother with the hope of pleasing my mother, but, alas! though he followed the example of my elder brother in every particular, within three months after he commenced to do so, he died. Sometimes my mother says to me, "take exercise." I immediately set out on a long walk, and perhaps before I have proceeded two miles, my mother is pinching me savagely in the back, and I am forced to sit down. The fact of it is, that none of us understand our mother thoroughly. She makes different rules for each one of us, and that conceited prig of an elder brother of mine, who says if we will all rise early, and take salt-water baths, our mother will treat us kindly, knows nothing about the matter. I have had a sad quarrel with my mother of late. She ill-treated me, as I thought, without cause, and I became obstinate. Just because I got into the habit of staying up late at night, and drinking one or two glasses of whiskey punch, the old woman got her dander up. She knocked me down flat, and heating a lot of wires red hot, passed them through the small of my back, then she took a small air-pump and exhausted all the air from my lungs, leaving a horrible feeling of tightness in my chest; by far the hardest part of this trial was the reflection that two or three of my brothers had done just the same as I had done, and had received no punishment. I have lost all confidence in my elder brothers who pretend to understand my mother perfectly, and declare that she has laid down certain rules for the guidance of her family, which, if duly observed, will relieve her from the disagreeable necessity of punishing them. I'm going to live on dry toast and tea, because my small brother says she told him that she would just whale him if *he* didn't do so. I won't take a walk before breakfast—at six o'clock in the morning—because another of my brothers thinks to curry favor with my mother by doing so. Not a bit of it! I don't believe that any one understands my mother perfectly. Mother Nature lays down different laws for each of her children. When her children are stupidly disobedient, she spanks them, and they generally profit by the punishment. My mother is subject herself occasionally to a little derangement of her system, caused by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and other diseases, and shows a little charity towards her children. Her children, however, must, each one for himself, talk to his mother, and try to understand the rules which she has laid down for him individually, instead of thinking that what applies to one applies to all.

HYMENIAL WIT.—A Virginia paper gets off the following:

Neill—Tier. On Wednesday, Mr. William Neill to Miss Jane Tier.

A sad event, we rather fear.
She turned to kneel and dropped a tear.

Wright—Buck. On Monday, by the Rev. Mr. Seals, Henry W. Wright to Miss Orlia Buck.

The parson seals their fate—'tis very clear.
She's right for once—the buck has got its dear.

☞ The surest way of governing both a private family and a kingdom, is for a husband and a prince to yield at certain times something of their prerogative.

INSTABILITY.

Drift away, drift away,
Drift to the barren and homeless sea;
Some men can neither be staff nor stay,
And I think they are made like thee.

Not an oak art thou, but a floating weed,
That sways on the Gulf-stream east and west,
Where often a land-bird will perch to feed,
But never to build its nest.

Drift, thou purposeless, languid waif;
Drift to the great world's lonesome sea:
Some day regret in thy heart will chafe,
To have drifted so weak from me!

AGRICULTURAL.

About Ploughs.

It is frequently the case, says The Northern Farmer, that a farmer will buy two ploughs of the same make and pattern, and one will prove to be a much easier running and holding plough than the other. Why? It may be that the castings are warped and do not fit together well; but far more generally, because the iron in the two moldboards is not of the same temper—the plough with the softest moldboard being the poorest of the two. The furrow adhering more closely to the soft moldboard, makes the draft of the plough heavier, and likewise pulls the plough around to the right, away from the land, therefore making it run unsteady. As an illustration, take two pleasure sleighs; the one having on hard-cast shoes, and the other soft-cast shoes. When these two sleighs run over a piece of bare ground, the one with soft shoes draws very much the hardest, and has the most side draft. It is quite difficult for furnacemen to make their moldboards always of the same proper temper, and especially is it so where they melt soft machinery iron at the same heat with hard plough iron. As a general rule the best and most uniform ploughs come from those firms who make that particular tool a speciality and a study. Their mechanics become familiar with selecting and melting iron for that purpose, and their castings are apt to be fitted together with extra care.

Depreciation of Guano.

Professor Anderson lately delivered at Glasgow, Scotland, an interesting lecture on the state of the guano trade, the superphosphate manufacture, and the quality of oil cakes and of drinking water—all important agricultural subjects. He informs us that the guano in some of the Chincha Islands on the coast of Peru is already exhausted, and that recent imports are of inferior quality and contain considerably more water and less ammonia than have hitherto been common in Peruvian guano. He believes that the guano now imported is not worth as much as former cargoes, by five dollars per ton, because of this diminished proportion of ammonia.

EVERGREENS.—The Horticulturist says that although animal manures are said to be injurious to evergreens, it has been recently proved that old, well rotted barn-yard manure may be applied to them with the best possible results.

The Teeth of the Horse.

A horse has forty teeth—twenty-four double teeth, or grinders, four tushes, or single file teeth, and twelve front teeth, called gatherers. As a general thing, mares have no tushes. Between two and three years old, the colt sheds his four middle teeth—two above, and two below. After three years old, two other teeth are changed, one on each side of those formerly shed; he now has eight colt's teeth, and eight horse's teeth. When four years of age he cuts four new teeth. At five years old the horse sheds his remaining colt's teeth, four in number, when his tushes appear. At six years of age his tushes are up, appearing white, small and sharp, while a small circle of young growing teeth is observable. The mouth is now complete. At eight years of age the teeth have filled up, the horse is aged, and his mouth is said to be full.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

Agriculture in Africa.

The work of recovering the Great Desert of Sahara, in Africa, is steadily going on in Algeria under the patronage of Napoleon III., and is accomplished by boring artesian wells. About one hundred wells are now flowing, reclaiming the desert wherever they are, and making the barren waste blossom into fertile gardens. In the district of Ouled Rir, stretching far southward into the desert, there are now thirty-five wells, around which 2,000 gardens have been formed, and 140,000 date trees planted. The conquest of the desert is steadily pushed with almost universal success by four military boring brigades, thoroughly equipped and provided with the necessary implements.

TO CLEAN CLOCKS.—A correspondent, writing to the Scientific American, says:—"Common brass clocks may be cleaned by immersing the works in boiling water. Rough as this treatment may appear, it works well, and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stop from an accumulation of dust or thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure rain water and dried on a warm stove or near the fire. I write this by the tick of an eight-day clock which was boiled a year ago, and has behaved perfectly well ever since."

[Would not the same method answer for sewing machines?—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

RECEIPTS.

RABBIT STEW.—Cook them with a little chopped onion in a stewpan, with water enough to cover them, and butter and cream, pepper and salt, added when they are nearly done. Or add nothing but butter and wine to the gravy.

FILLET OF MUTTON.—Cut a fillet or round from a leg of mutton; remove all the fat from the outside, and take out the bone. Beat it it well on all sides with a rolling-pin, to make it more tender, and rub it slightly all over with a very little pepper and salt. Have ready a stuffing made of finely-minced onions, bread-crumbs, and butter, seasoned with a little salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and well mixed. Fill, with some of this stuffing, the place of the bone. Make deep incisions or cuts all over the surface of the meat, and fill them closely with the same stuffing. Bind a tape round the meat to keep it in shape. But it into a stew-pan, with just water enough to cover it, and let it stew slowly and steadily during four, five, or six hours, in proportion to its size; skimming it frequently. When done, serve it up with its own gravy.

Tomato sauce is an excellent accompaniment to stewed mutton.

TO BOIL A TURKEY OR PAIR OF FOWLS.—After the turkey is well cleaned, it should lie in salt and water for a few minutes. Fill the body with a stuffing of bread and butter, salt, pepper, and parsley. If oysters are in season, a dozen, large ones, minced fine, are a nice addition. Pin the poultry in a towel, and put it into boiling water, with a little salt, and a head of celery in it. When half done, add a pint of milk. It must not boil very fast, or it will break to pieces.

A small turkey will boil in an hour and a half, and a large one in three hours. A pair of fowls will require from an hour to an hour and a half, according to their age. If oysters are added to the stuffing, the poultry must be served with oyster sauce.

TO BOIL PARSNIPS.—Parsnips are cooked as carrots, but they do not require so much boiling, and are sometimes served differently, being mashed with some butter, a little cream or milk, and seasoned with pepper and salt.

Parsnips are also excellent fried.

EGGS AND SPINACH.—Boil and mince the spinach, and serve upon it the eggs, poached; or, stew spinach, or sorrel, and place the poached eggs round the dish, with pieces of fresh bread between them.

COLD SLAW.—Take vinegar and water in equal proportions (unless the vinegar is very strong;) add butter, the size of an egg, and a little flour. Pour into a saucepan over the fire, and stir until it is thick; then pour in the beaten yolks of two eggs, and some salt. When it has been on the fire ten minutes more, stir in the cabbage, nicely shredded with a cabbage-cutter. The cabbage must be taken up, as soon as it is hot.

You may add a saltspoonful of mustard to the sauce, if you like it. Salt the cabbage.

JELLY CAKE.—To three well-beaten eggs add one cup of powdered sugar, one of flour; stir well, and add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in three teaspoonfuls of water. Bake in two pie-pans, spread as even as possible. Have ready a towel, and as soon as done, turn the cake on it, bottom side up, then spread evenly with jelly, roll up quickly, and wrap in a towel.

IMPROVED BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Make them as usual; set to rise with yeast. Just as you begin to *bake* them, stir in one teaspoonful carbonate soda, *pulverized* and *dry*. It not only lightens them, but deadens the acid taste of the buckwheat flour. They are as much better as possible.

FOR A WEAK BACK—Take 1 beef's gall; put it in a quart bottle; fill it two-thirds full. Now put in alcohol one-third, and stir or rather shake it well. Apply this morning and evening to the spine with a sponge. The effect, in a few days, will be magical. The writer of this would like to sow the receipt broadcast, so perfect a cure it is.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 7, 8, 10, is a spice.
My 1, 7, 8, 5, is a place of trade.
My 1, 2, 11, 10, is a small animal.
My 1, 2, 5, 10, is very small.
My 1, 10, 7, 5, is an article of food.
My 1, 3, 11, 10, is a useful animal.
My 1, 7, 8, 11, is a kind of earth.
My 1, 3, 5, 10, is a person usually employed by despots.
My 1, 7, 8, 10, is a domestic animal.
My 1, 7, 5, 10, is an officer.
My 1, 7, 8, 9, 2, 5, is a wild animal.
My 1, 7, 4, 2, 8, is an estate.
My 1, 10, 7, 11, is used for food.
My 1, 7, 4, 5, 11, 10, is an article of dress.
My 1, 10, 5, 7, 11, is a hard substance.
My 1, 7, 4, 10, is found on certain animals.
My 1, 7, 4, 3, 7, 11, is a small book.
My 1, 7, 8, 5, 10, 4, is a small animal.
My 1, 7, 5, 8, 2, 4, is an elderly person.
My 1, 7, 5, 3, 8, 10, is to become perfect.
My whole is one of Headley's sacred mountains. W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in justice, but not in court.
My second's in pleasure, but not in sport.
My third is in honor, but not in fame.
My fourth in subjection, but not in shame.
My fifth is in claret, but not in wine.
My sixth is in dessert, but not in dine.
My seventh's in dye, but not in stain.
And my whole has a cold and frosty reign.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Probability Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three arrows are shot into a circular target at random. Required—the probability that they are sticking in the vertices of an acute angled triangle.

ARTEMUS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A well 30 feet deep contains 18 feet of water, which is to be drawn out by a man at the top, who the first hour takes out 4 feet. How long, with uniform effort, will it take to empty the well?

W. T. STONEBRAKER.

West Milton, O.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Within a square is a spring, the distance of which is 6, 7 and 8 chains from three of the corners. Required—the side of the square. E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the highest pitch of the voice? Ans.—The place where it sticks.

☞ When did the ancient Greeks find it profitable to plough the ocean? Ans.—In the days of Ce-crops.

☞ What drum is that which is never beaten? Ans.—The drum of the ear.

☞ What is the best hand at cards? Ans.—Why, the best of course.

Answer to Last.

ENIGMA—Scranton.

A Speech on the Smith Family.

"Gentlemen," said a candidate for Congress, "my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

"'Smith, gentlemen, is an illustrious name,
And stands ever high in annals of fame;
Let White, Brown and Jones increase as they will,
Believe me that Smith will outnumber them still.'

"Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith, and not a Smythe, but a regular, natural S m i t h, Smith. Putting a 'y' in the middle, or an 'e' at the end, won't do, gentlemen. Who ever heard of a great man by the name of Smythe or Smithe? Echo answers, who? and every body says, nobody! But for Smith, plain S m i t h, why, the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name! Who were the most racy, witty and popular authors of this country? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy and humorous preacher? Rev. Sydney Smith. To go further back: Who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army in the Revolution? A Smith. Who palavered with Powhatan, gallivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith again. And who, I ask, (and I ask the question more seriously and soberly,) who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, made the most speeches, preached the most sermons, held the most offices, sung the most songs, written the most poems, courted the most woman, kissed the most girls, and married the most widows? History says, I say, you say, and every body says, John Smith!"

CHEATING THE DOCTOR.—An Edinburgh physician, having ordered a blister to be put on a patient's chest, called to inquire what had been the effect.

"Oh," replied the brother of the invalid, "we had na a *chist* to put the blister on; but we put it on a bandbox, and George is weel enough."

"Well, well," answered the doctor, with a grin, "that's all right, if he's better."